

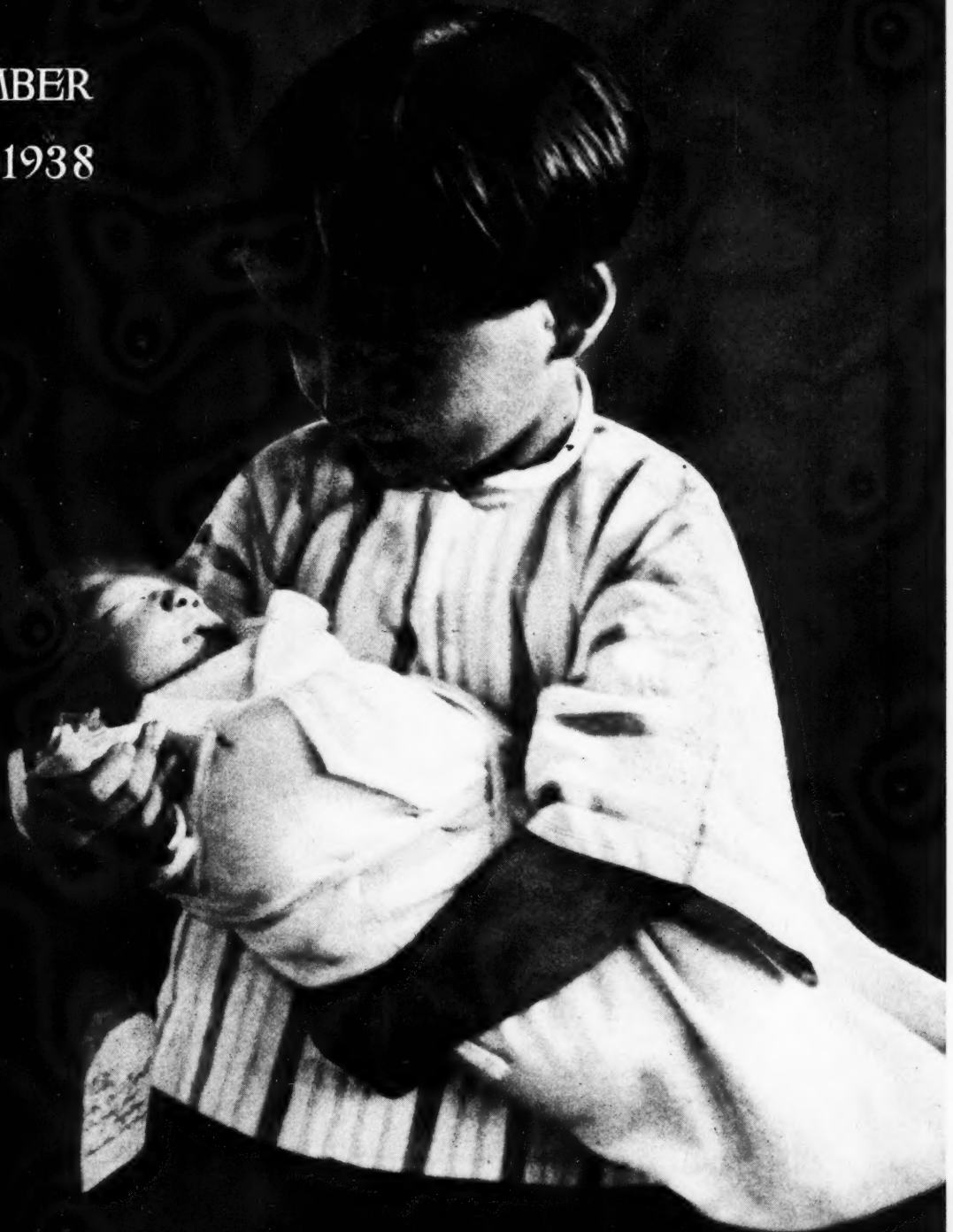


# THE FIELD AFAR

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL

NOVEMBER

1938



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Mt. St. Mary's College & Eccl. Sem., Emmitsburg, Md.  
Sacred Hearts Academy, No. Fairhaven, Mass.  
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### Our Cover

**Little Mah Li Ah is not checking her baby sister in the baggage room. The infant, tagged with its new baptismal name, is one of a long line of orphans salvaged by the Sisters in South China.**

# THE FIELD AFAR

## THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL

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***"The Angelus"***

***South China farmers pause in the harvest field to recall the mystery of the Incarnation.***



# THE FIELD AFAR

## THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL

November, 1938



# Charley's Story



**C**HARLEY was a curious combination of a young, modern, Chinese intellectual and an old-fashioned, Chinese landowner and politician. Even before he arrived in our interior Chinese county seat as magistrate, he introduced himself by writing ahead to our mission, asking us to house his two young-lady secretaries in our women's quarters while they supervised the preparation of the *yamen* offices and living quarters for himself, his staff, and his family. He was so familiar with things foreign, especially the British and American varieties, that he was actually amusingly forward. He never did cease to raid our meager supply of canned food whenever he paid us a visit—which was often. He read and wrote English splendidly. To practice his spoken English was the real motive for calling on us so frequently.

But this is not a story of Charley, though his personal and public history would read like a novel, with an unhappy ending. Rather, it is to recount one of the many stories he told us from his extensive knowledge of native traditions. Charley was ever conscious of his authority and dignity. While modern in many things, he never lost his love and respect for China's hoary customs.

In ancient times, according to Charley, all civil authority descended from the Emperor in Peking. The sign of authority was the large square or oblong seal, which, imprinted on documents, carried with it all the power of the Empire. It stamped all official documents, from those of national importance to those of humble county officialdom. Not only was there the Imperial Seal, the mightiest of all, but every viceroy, provincial governor, and county mandarin had a special seal from the seat of empire. Lesser officials, in each sphere of jurisdiction, also had their proper seals.

The seals themselves, square or oblong,

By V. Rev. T. V. Kiernan, M. M.

never triangular or round, were usually made to stamp the title of office and the name of the regional authority. He who had the seal held sway. Delivery of the seal by an outgoing official to the new incumbent was the official act of succession in office. Some recalcitrant officers have been known to withhold the seal, thus continuing their own power and suspending that of the new official. Feudal lords, war lords, and even bandit chieftains are said to have seized the seal and, thus, to have attained the recognition of their power in a given region.

On the death of the Emperor, or when a dynasty changed masters, the seals were all ceremoniously broken, to signify the demise of the old order. New seals were then cast in imperial foundries under strict supervision and sent, first to the viceroys, then to the provincial capitals, and, finally, to the county seats. The seal of any particular territory carried with it the power of imperial authority. Special committees went out to welcome the delegations which escorted the new seals to their destinations. It was a very solemn business.

When the seals were fabricated, they had from one to four projections or legs which would have to be sawed off or filed down before an imprint could be made from the seal. The Imperial Seal had one leg, the viceregal two, the provincial three, and the county four legs, respectively. The Emperor himself was supposed to file the single leg off his Great Seal of State, thus putting it officially into operation. The viceregal seal

had one leg filed off at the Imperial Court, and the second by the viceroy. In like manner, the first and second legs of the provincial seal were removed by imperial and viceregal officials, the last being taken off by the governor himself. The county seals went through the same process: the first, second, and third legs being removed serially along the route by imperial, viceregal, and provincial delegates; the last being left for the mandarin, the head of a county government, to remove on its arrival. Woe to the seal which arrived at the *yamen* with the final leg missing. It was rejected as spurious, and a new one had to be provided.

When the seal approached the last stage of its journey, a delegation went out to welcome it to the government office. However, a bridge of bamboo was built over the city walls near the main gate so that the seal could pass over the walls and not under the gateway, to signify the might of the imperial sway. The ceremony of the reception of the seal was most solemn; and, in the presence of witnesses, the last leg was removed.

Time and the Republic have abolished imperial power, and modernity has leveled the ancient city walls in many instances, but seals still remain the symbols of authority. Not only are there the official Government seals, but every business house and any Chinese with a modicum of "face" have their private seals with which are stamped bills, receipts, contracts, and even personal letters. These are usually smaller than the civil seals. Some are of precious metals, others of jade, most of wood.

Although we knew that the Chinese had great respect for their seals, we had never read the history of seals in Chinese books. Charley's story was so interesting that we checked it with some high-school teachers, who very solemnly affirmed that Charley knew his seals.

---

**PERHAPS YOU**  
have a vocation to the missionary life! Priests, Brothers, Sisters are still too few among China's four hundred and fifty millions.



## Blessing God's Acre at Saiho

**I**N the Orient, people seem to jumble, tumble, and stumble from nowhere at a moment's notice. You never have to try to draw a crowd. If you did, you would be crushed before your effort was a minute old.

When the crowd gathered for the blessing of the Saiho cemetery, I was glad that I, a missionary new at the business and straight from the sidewalks of New York where men-of-the-world spend fortunes to attract crowds, had not done any streamlined advertising about the affair. Everybody in this section of the country made an appearance.

It was a beautiful day; all nature was attuned in perfect harmony. It was harvest time; the fields were painted in myriad tints; off in the distance, the mountains rose to greet a sky of delicate blue; overhead, the white clouds spread their train like a bridal veil. A bull grazing nearby interrupted his morning breakfast long enough to view us with typical Oriental curiosity; but, evidently, he found us dull company, for he returned immediately to the consumption of his cereal.

Our procession, as it moved up the steep hill, was led by a self-appointed, eighty-year-old herald. His strides—just three ahead of the mob—seemed impelled

*Father Gervis Coxen, of New York City, blessed the new cemetery at Saiho. The event gave him an opportunity to make some observations on mob psychology in Korea.*

by an unsteady force, for they pulsed feebly. His merry old face—a nice crisp brown, burned perseveringly during years of sunbathing in the rice field—turned back every now and then to learn if his pace was too slow for us. Finally, I slowed down, thinking that if we didn't we should probably have to bury the old man immediately after blessing the cemetery.

At the top of the hill, we sighted a broad plateau—our cemetery. In the center a white cross extended its arms in a world-wide welcoming embrace. Its simple austerity was beautiful. Such a contrast to the heavily engraved tombs of the pagan cemeteries in the valley below!

The Litanies were chanted in Korean by the people. Then I sprinkled the

cemetery with holy water while the "Miserere" was recited. The cemetery was tufted with clumps of sturdy green grass, very cleverly hiding diminutive hills and valleys underneath. Little Korean altar boys, assigned to hold the ends of the celebrant's cope, proved their scrupulous obedience by holding fast to the cope even as they tobogganed accidentally down an embankment. When the altar boys, cope, and I had safely returned to the foot of the cross, the cross was incensed, a prayer was said, and the cemetery's blessing was complete.

The procession started back to the church. All went quite solemnly until suddenly the virtuously obedient copebearers of a few minutes before broke ranks, ran down an embankment, stripped off their clothes, and dived into a pool of muddy water. Father Gibbons, the pastor, recalled them even before they had a chance to take a stroke. Their virtue came to the surface with them, and they obediently prepared to rejoin the procession.

The Saiho cemetery may not be favored with a gathering like this again, at least not until Resurrection Day. Then I trust the whole crowd and generations more will rise up in glory from the hill-top cemetery at Saiho.

**"STRINGLESS" gifts are the most welcome at Mary knoll, but tie "strings" if you wish!**

# Solomon II

*Solomon II is Brother Peter's name for a Manchu policeman who dispenses great wisdom with little effort and much good humor.*

**F**USHUN, like Gaul, is divided into three parts: the Japanese section; the Chinese quarters, Ho Nan, on the south side of the River Ho, and Ho Pei, on the north side. Both Ho Nan and Ho Pei have their own Chinese quarters, but I often find that of Ho Pei the more interesting. Going to the Seminary in Ho Pei, we have to pass through the main street of that section, with its sidewalk vendors, tea shops, restaurants, dispensaries, barber shops, and what not, lining the deep-mud road, where Chinese open carriages wallow through the *brown-sugar* mire up to the hubs; where dogs, pigs, and chickens are eternally getting in your way; where dry spots are few, and stepping-stones fewer.

It was here, in the old walled town of Ho Pei, that I first met Ch'en Liu, the chimney sweep. He was so begrimed with the soot of Ho Pei's best chimneys, I could not at first tell whether he was an old man or a boy. The dirt of many a smoky fire had completely covered the little fellow—face, ears, neck, nose, and hands. Only his bright eyes shone through untarnished. I, with my big nose (no matter how button-like that appendage may be considered at home, the Chinese think we have extremely large noses), must have been as much a curiosity to Ch'en as he was to me.

"Aa-yah!" he exclaimed smilingly. "What a big nose!"

"Hello, black one!" I rejoined, and so we were friends.

On my frequent trips across the river to the Seminary, I would look for the little fellow. Our greeting was always the same. Although I could do nothing about the size of my nose, I noticed that Ch'en Liu occasionally showed signs of having skin almost as white as my own. He was undoubtedly one of a large and very poor family, where soap is so great a luxury that it is considered a fine gift at New Year's.

Ch'en didn't know anything about our Thanksgiving Day, but he surely did know the pangs of hunger. I discovered,

quite accidentally, that the little fellow had never had what we should call "a full meal." It came about in this way.

With but a few coppers in his pocket and a great hunger gnawing from within, Ch'en stopped one day before one of Ho Pei's sidewalk restaurants, inhaling deeply and allowing his nose to feast on the delicious odors of the cooking food. The master of the place had ordered him to move on several times, but the boy found it difficult to tear himself away from such luscious and savory appetizers.

Coming from behind the hot range, the proprietor took hold of the boy and demanded half the price of a dinner, since he had been feeding so sumptuously on the smell of the victuals. Ch'en neither could nor would pay the exorbitant price of eight small coppers for merely taking a whiff that had not satisfied but whetted his appetite. The usual crowd gathered around the pair, and in another moment a policeman appeared on the scene. After listening to both sides of the case, he turned to my little chimney sweep with the judgment: "My boy, since you have

been feasting your nose on the smell of this man's meat, it is but just that you should make him some recompense. How much money have you?"

The crowd began to grumble at injustice to the poor, but the boy tremblingly answered, "I have but two coppers, and I need them to buy bread."

"Don't worry," answered Solomon II. "Place your two coins between your hands. Cup your hands and shake them so that the coins will rattle loudly."

When little Ch'en had done this for some time, the officer turned to the restaurant proprietor and said: "Now, sir, I think he has paid you. The smell of your food gave pleasure to his nostrils; the sound of his money has tickled your ears."

---

**A**LL Maryknoll priests offer their Friday Masses for benefactors. Besides these Masses, benefactors share in the prayers and sacrifices of our students, Brothers, and Sisters, and in the prayers of the Christians on the missions.



*Ch'en, inhaling deeply, allowed his nose to feast on the delicious odors.*

# Streets—

## The Rosary Down Naniwa Cho

By Sister Mary Juliana

**N**ANIWA CHO is a street, not straight, nor exactly crooked; perhaps it might be described as varied. It begins in the Japanese section of this Manchu town on the hill, in respectability and asphalt pavements, with a little park or two and bright shops on either hand. It goes on down towards the blue bay, with narrow, evil-smelling parts, slimy underfoot, and dubious to right and left, where it traverses the territory of uncounted Chinese in swarming market place and congested tenement. Early Sunday morning before Mass, footing it for this mile or so from the convent on the hill, one finds a good opportunity to say one's rosary and weave a blessing round about and in and out, threading the crowds that pass on Naniwa Cho.

A Japanese bonze goes by, barelegged, yellow clad, while his throbbing drum beats the accompaniment to his droning chant: "Oh, the jewel in the lotus! Amen. Oh, the treasure in the Law of Buddha! Amen."

*In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth. . .*

A great clamor of squealing horns and fiddles and a clash of tin-pan cymbals, a long procession, noisy, colorful—a Chinese funeral passes by. Evidently a certain rich man has gone before God. Banners, carried by barefooted ragamuffins, come swaying by. Next comes a paper horse to be burned at the grave, thus thoughtfully providing the dead man's spirit with a mount for his journeys in the other world. Then comes all that is left of the rich man himself, on a gorgeous ark-shaped bier, shining with red and gold lacquer, bobbing with silk tassels, its poles creaking heavily with every step of the coolies who bear it. Mourners

in white hooded garments come howling by; crowds of bystanders crane their necks to see.

*I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church . . . forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and life everlasting. . .*

We pass Mr. Ho Chin Hong's massive city residence, where the wistaria and the persimmon trees peep over the top of his high garden wall. Crowds push and jostle at the gate, and a great din of gay music goes on inside. A wedding is taking place; Ho Chin Hong is old and fat, and today he marries a number-four wife, a little girl in her teens, who has never seen him before. All the rich and poor relatives of the Ho family seem to be here, and everybody is happy.

*Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come. . .*

To the left is a Korean house, white fronted, with lattices and gay curtains, silent at this hour of the morning. From this house comes a succession of cast-offs to our convent doors for food. They are diseased and dreadful beggar women, crawling, whining for money to buy opium. Each one comes for a few months, and then the day comes when she can crawl no more. Sometimes baptismal waters flow over her sad soul, and she is laid to rest. Others always take her place.

*Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. . . .*

Down the hill we go and meet a long line of carts piled high with heavy timbers, each load slowly and painfully straining up the hill, pulled not by horses or oxen, but by men—thin, half-naked men, wet with perspiration, panting, with eyes starting from faces.

*Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. . .*

Near the end of the rosary, we come to a dusty street. Beggars squat in the shade and bump their heads on the ground in front of foreigners or other supposedly opulent persons. Here, in doorways, mothers are sewing, babies in the least possible shred of attire crawl in the dust underfoot; a hawker is selling and publicly disemboweling flat white fish.

*We came to a dusty street where hawkers were selling their wares.*





From an open door, in the line of tenement houses, a dark cool passage leads past a holy-water font to a place bright and still. It is a fairly large room, with white walls and clean straw mats in place of benches or pews. A few blue-clad Chinese are kneeling on the floor. Lean coolies are there, and portly gentlemen; scrawny old women teetering on bound feet, and chubby young girls with hair in long braids; a serge-gowned schoolmaster, and young mothers with babies in arms and many children about them. All their faces have that indefinable something that sets them apart from the pagan crowd.

The altar is ready for Mass; some woman's little offering of two cherished red geraniums stands on the spotless linen altar cloth; there is a smell of old incense and beeswax; there are the flickering lamp, the peace, the tabernacle and He whom it encompasses.

*Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. . .*



*All day there is a steady stream of water carriers.*

## The Street That Never Dries

By Father Robert Greene, M. M.,  
of Jasper, Indiana

**W**HEN first I saw the street, I was too busy keeping my footing to wonder why it should be so wet while all others were choking with the dust of many rainless days. As time went on, I learned where the puddles were; and, with more time to observe, I became more and more fascinated by this would-be street. There isn't a full mile of its serpentine route, and the forbidding walls on either side are less than seven feet apart. Known to residents of Kweilin as West Alley, this individualistic street could be given many names, but that which expresses best its personality is the *Street That Never Dries*. How often I have come upon it, parched by the heat of the South China sun, and have expected to see it dry; but I always found its worn stones puddled with heartening moisture. Heartening, I say, because I should be disappointed indeed, after all this time, were I to find it in a state of aridity.

In a little alcove on the street, there is a public well, as old as that from which Christ drank in another Oriental land. All day, there is a steady stream of water carriers, their marching file spaced by the interval of time required for

each to fill the buckets, place them on the bamboo shoulder pole, and jog off. Bare feet patter in rhythmic beat, while each pail yields its contribution to the *Street That Never Dries*. The short time that Old Sol has access to its narrow confines is insufficient to rob it of its name.

Following the twisting street as it winds its damp way around the Inner City, the water carriers splatter past the contrasts of this intriguing midway. Walled entrances to the secluded homes of some of the city's rich rub shoulders with the homes of the poorest of the poor. How like this land of contradictions, to have these huts of the penniless in a section of the street facing the rear entrance of the Bank of Kwangsi, a few feet from its treasure vaults. The *Street That Never Dries* is an odd, paradoxical street.

A few doors from the well is a simple little door in a plain wall, bearing characters to tell the passerby that this is the *Lord of Heaven's House*. In there He

rests day after day, while heedless men go by. He hears the excited voices of two carriers who have collided; He hears the cries of the street vendors, the silky laughs of the rich, and the gay laughter of the children, playing and romping outside His door on the *Street That Never Dries*.

I shall never forget the first time I took Him down the street to visit one of His sick ones. There were only stares for myself, the foreigner. None knew who was going by with me—that Jesus of Nazareth was passing. I wondered how He felt as we strode along mid all the curious sounds and odors of the little Oriental street. It was different from my homeland, but perhaps very much like the cities He walked through while on earth. As we went past shanties, we heard the cackling of the hens and the grunting of pigs mingling with the chatter of the families inside the homes; and, as we approached the poorest of the huts, a little six-year-old peered out from the door and said, "*Shen Foo*, God bless you!"

Each morning the unheralded King comes down to visit the romantic little street, and He lingers midst His children who know Him not. The strangest paradox of all along this paradoxical street is that men come all day to draw water from the well, water for bodily needs, and heed not the Fountain only a few feet away, where they may fill their hearts to satiation from the *Well That Never Dries*.

**DURING the present crisis in China, the missionaries' work has become increasingly difficult. The aid of the catechists has been more than ever indispensable. Fifteen dollars a month will keep one on the job.**



# A Catholic Elite for Wuchow

*"The boy's the thing in Wuchow!" says Monsignor  
Bernard F. Meyer, M. M., of Davenport, Iowa.*

**W**HEN the Wuchow Mission was organized ten years ago, there were, among its five million five hundred thousand inhabitants, some four hundred poor village Christians, of whom not ten had completed the grade school, and not one had gone to high school. Indifference was not the reason for this situation; the Chinese will work hard and practice great self-denial in order to send at least one son to school. The extreme poverty of the people was the real cause.

The annual income of a family in Kwangsi is less than \$30. Of course, these villagers produce most of the food they eat; yet they must buy such things as salt, kerosene, soy-bean products to help balance the diet, some meat and fish, in addition to household utensils, farming implements, and clothing, not to mention medical attention in serious illness, and the expenses attendant upon marriage, birth, and death. It is obvious, therefore, that education of the children must fall under the category of less necessary expenditures, and so often has to be neglected.

Within these ten years the number of Christians has increased to seven thousand five hundred, but among those converted none are wealthy, and less than five per cent can be called "middle class," even according to the low standards that attain here. If we hope to reach the

higher classes, the Church must be given standing through the education of its members; for in China it is education, rather than wealth, which provides the pass-key.

Because of the poverty of the people in Kwangsi, schools would have to be subsidized for the greater part of their expenses. The Kwangsi Government will permit religious bodies to conduct secondary schools, but the requirements in the matter of finance and equipment are such that a new and struggling Mission like that of Wuchow would be unable to meet them, except at the expense of much of its other work.

The province is divided into counties, townships, and villages; each county must have a high school, each township an upper primary school, and each village a lower primary school. The teachers in all of these schools are assigned by the director of education. As Catholic influence grows, there is hope that the villages which are predominantly Catholic may be able, in most cases, to get the county director to send them Catholic teachers.

To meet the educational need in as

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**IMPRESS the Catholic child of today with the mission spirit, and the next generation will chronicle a great increase in the Church of Christ.**

simple and economical a manner as possible, the Mission established what it calls a *Student-Aid Fund*, which is used to help poor boys secure an education. Poor boys include practically all the boys of the Mission. We are not swamped with applications, however, since many cannot take advantage of this fund because they are unable to provide even the small part of their expenses required to secure Mission help. In general, the Mission pays for board and tuition, while the boys must provide their own books, clothing, travel, and incidental expenses.

With the help of this fund, two boys have graduated from the upper middle school of the Peking Catholic University; two spent one and two years respectively at the upper middle school of the Vicariate of Shanghai; ten are now in the lower middle school of the Jesuit Fathers at Shiuhing; twenty are living in hostels conducted by the Wuchow Mission and attending local Government upper primary schools.

From among these boys in various hostels within the Mission, the best students are chosen and sent to the junior high school in Shiuhing; from these again the best are selected to go to the upper middle schools (senior high). So far, we have not been able, financially, to give even one boy a university education, although the lack of Catholic university graduates imposes a great handicap on the spread of the Church's influence.

Those who have been helped by the *Student-Aid Fund*, for the most part, have come back to aid the Mission as teachers in the Seminary and in our few Catholic schools, or as catechists. It is hoped that some of them will eventually hold positions in the Government and business world.

The experience of another Mission, the Maryknoll Vicariate of Kaying in Kwangtung Province, where education is farther advanced than in Kwangsi, is interesting in this regard. In 1929, Aquinas Hall was opened at Kaying as a hostel for high-school students. It began with four residents. Today, it houses forty young men attending the Government high schools of the city. Thirteen of the residents are catechumens; the remainder are Catholics.

A Maryknoll priest devotes his entire time to the work as rector of the hall. The rule of the house was drawn up by the students themselves at the suggestion of this priest, but of their own accord they requested him to see that it was observed. The rector gives some help to the boys in their studies, and, as a result, school authorities frequently praise

### GOLFERS!

**YOU will get more publicity if you give a thousand dollars to the upkeep of the golf links than if you give it to Maryknoll. But then, there's eternity!**

the boys for their good preparation of classes.

The priest in charge of the hostel keeps in close contact with the Government high schools and, each week, presides as judge in an English contest. To counteract the false theories that are presented in these schools, the boys have a weekly study-club meeting at which the rector is moderator. At each meeting, one of the boys reads a paper on an apposite subject; later, it is presented for general discussion.

The results in prestige and influence arising from the assisting of students are well illustrated by the experience of the

*Aquinas Hall in Kaying was opened by Bishop Ford (center) as a hostel for high-school boys.*

Protestants, who, ever since their entry into China about one hundred years ago, have persistently pursued such a policy. For a long time they conducted denominational colleges; a report of some years ago said that half of their personnel and mission funds were devoted to this work. Recently, however, there has been a strong tendency to consolidate these institutions so as to cut down the drain on finances and personnel. Some of the highest positions in the Government of China are filled by Protestants, or by men who have received their training in Protestant schools.

Wuchow needs a Catholic elite before we can hope to bring the higher classes into the Church. Our *Student-Aid Fund* seems to be the best solution of the problem. Apart from a generous gift from an Iowa priest some years ago, the fund has really existed only on paper. We hope to establish a fund of not less than \$10,000. The interest would be used to aid poor students; and since they would pay back an average of fifty per cent of what was spent on them, the principal would gradually increase and would enable us each year to assist more boys to get an education.







## A Leper Comes to Antung

*Brother Benedict Barry, of New York City, tells us a pathetic story of a leper boy who received from Sister Paula, besides medical care, a knowledge of the true God.*

**S**HUN CH'ING CHE, a lad of seventeen, is an only son. Like all first-born in China (and the only child in the family), he is the pride and joy of his father's heart. Even though the lot of the family has been that of poverty for years, still the father had great hopes for the family heir—really, heir to nothing at all, but, nevertheless, heir.

The boy's mother died when he was an infant, but he received good care. The proud father saw to that. All went well until, as the pagans say, the spirits intervened, and the healthy child of five years complained of a sore on his neck—a sore which later spread from the neck, down his side to his legs. Home remedies were

applied, but the disease gained rapid headway. Then, one day, the boy's father discovered that his son was a leper!

Someone told Ch'ing Che's father of the Catholic Church and of the many cases that were treated at the dispensary every day. They were assured that "the foreign doctor" could cure the boy. The father, with Ch'ing Che on his back, set out for the Antung dispensary, where Sister Paula dispenses medicines—and

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### WITH ETERNAL VALUE

*A suggestion for a memorial to perpetuate the memory of a loved one: a student's room in the Maryknoll Seminary, \$500.*

catechisms, too, to those who wish to learn more of Christ, of whom she speaks so often. Although Sister Paula knew from the outset that the disease was beyond medical aid, she applied dressings and bandages and soothing ointments. Regularly once a week, over a long period, the father carried Ch'ing Che to the dispensary—a distance of over ten Chinese miles—for the treatments, which the boy said were making him feel better. Because of the Chinese innate dread of the disease, it was impossible to keep Ch'ing at the mission, where numberless catechumens and little orphan boys and girls were in regular attendance.

Together with her bandages, Sister Paula gave Ch'ing Che great confidence and trust in God. He was given a catechism and, with the help of his father, he soon acquired a sound knowledge of the Church's doctrine. Then Ch'ing asked for Baptism. He felt that he would be entirely cured when the saving waters were poured over his soul.

Father McCormack examined Ch'ing Che, together with other catechumens who were to receive the Sacrament on the feast day, and he found the boy well prepared. The following morning, no one was happier than the leper boy who became a child of God.

Shun's son is still the family heir, but that legacy no longer seems of such importance, when compared with the heritage that is now his in his new-found Faith, although he was led to it through the long and painful way of the Cross.

Unlike the leper in the Gospel, Ch'ing Che has not been made clean; but, like the only one who returned to give thanks, he is grateful to God for making him His son. He is content in the thought that, if he cares for his soul and preserves it from sin, he will one day enter that abode where dwell none but the undefiled.

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### We acknowledge

every letter the day it is received, but the complaint comes to us that a remittance of such and such a date has not been acknowledged. If the remittance was in the form of a check or a money order, either can be renewed without cost to the sender; if it was in the form of a bill sent unregistered, this means, in all probability, theft.

We urge you to notify us by postcard or letter if within a reasonable time an acknowledgment of your remittance has not reached you. In this event, tell us if possible when and where you mailed your letter, and in what form you sent your money.



# Essaying a Miracle

*This story of Snow Blossom is from  
Monsignor Patrick  
J. Byrne.*

**F**ATHER Clement Boesflug, the popular and ever-busy pastor of Otsu, has become no mean cynosure by the phenomenal attendance at his Sunday School for non-Christian children.

It was upon a certain Sunday afternoon, three months ago, that there came into the class a little maid of ten, rather timid and cautious, for 'twas a new venture for the likes of Yukiko, which means "Snow Blossom."

The three-hour affair proved quite enchanting to Yukiko. She was completely



*Otsu children, happy about it all*

"sold" on the course, and proceeded to matriculate by coming a whole hour ahead of time, next time, to get a good seat. Soon she became one of the stars, mounted to the zenith, and shone brilliantly on being allowed to read aloud a summary essay she had written on "Children of God." While not over long, as essays run, still it had all the essentials—and what else really matters?

Yukiko's parents must have been pardonably proud of their daughter, now an eminent essayist, but the padre never met them.

Then came a gap in the perfect attendance—no one could say just why—and for some weeks there was no sign of Yukiko.

Came last Tuesday night, and a stran-

ger called on Padre Clement. He seemed a rather reserved individual, a man of few words. Few were needed, his message was brief: Yukiko, his daughter, was dying; she was begging to be made "a child of God"; would the Father kindly come. . .

The Father went. He found Yukiko so near to that other world as to care little for this, yet extremely concerned over becoming a child of God before she went. Evidently she had meant every word of her little essay, and she wanted to be sure of a welcome in her new Father's arms.

Baptism brought sweet peace to her great little heart, and Yukiko was now ready to go. The padre prayed with her for awhile. Then, after some words of consolation to the parents, he left. There was nothing more he could do. The doctors themselves had ceased trying. It was so clearly the end!

Next morning, both the father and the doctor called on Padre Clement, each with a message. "She's getting well!" said the father, and that was about all he could say. "It's the first miracle I ever saw," said the physician, a non-Christian, "but miracle it certainly is."

And the sequel: The entire family of seven decided to follow Yukiko's example and become children of God, wherefore does the padre go to their home every Wednesday and Friday evening to teach the catechism.

This is the first visible fruit of the Sunday School for un-baptized youngsters. May God bless the work with continued and bountiful harvests!



*Yukiko, the first visible fruit of the Sunday school*

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TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS  
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



**N**OVEMBER—the month of souls, reminding us also of those—some of whom we knew and loved—who once fought the battle of life in the Church Militant and have since departed this life. Ours the privilege and duty to help these dear ones through the Church Suffering, on to that Triumphant. A simple prayer from us may break their fetters and let them fly to God. *Jesu, miserere!*



**N**OVEMBER—the time of harvest, and the season that calls for thanks to God for all His blessings. While thanksgiving is a daily act with most people, it is well for us to have this special season in which to show gratitude for our Faith and for the opportunity of extending this blessing to others.



**I**T takes a little over a month for a letter to reach Maryknoll missionaries—now well over four hundred—who live on the other side of the Pacific. By mid-November Christmas messages and packages will have started on the long journey. The greeting from the homeland is always welcomed by a self-exiled priest, Brother, or Sister, but in no season is it so much appreciated as in those blessed days when the Crib recalls youth and the loving faces of relatives and friends.

**A** MAN is thought a philanthropist if he donates a park or an art museum to his home town that has on him the claims of every earthly tie, and a state is considered altruistic when it builds hospitals and schools to benefit its colonials for whom it has direct responsibility. Yet there are vast regions of space and whole nations of people who have no earthly claim on any man, and there the hospitals and schools would go unbuilt, the wants and miseries unrelieved, were it not for the existence of a heavenly claim. That claim is acknowledged by the missionary, who is a debtor to all men, regardless of who or where they are. He is the real philanthropist and altruist, for in the fatherhood of God he needs no other tie to be his brother's keeper.



**I**T is said that education could eliminate half the trouble in the world. This statement should make the reading of Monsignor Meyer's article on page 296 doubly interesting.

And while we are on the subject, it seems to us that much remains to be done in training our people to mission activity. The work accomplished today by missionaries may be traced back to those who for the last twenty-five years and more have made the mission needs known—priests, editors, and teachers, whose words fell on fruitful soil. How happy the priest must be who feels that his words have turned a young person's thoughts, and ultimately his steps, to Christ's work in the mission fields!

To keep up interest as well as to promote a truly Catholic work, not a few pastors have been presenting modern mission activity to their parishioners with a twofold result—a deeper understanding of and interest in their religion, and a keener appreciation of their own priests and Sisters in pagan lands. No true Catholic will fail to take pride in the fact that his Church is doing missionary work today as

#### The Holy Father's Mission Intention for November, 1938

That missions may flourish among  
the twenty million Koreans.

earnestly as it was done in apostolic days. Nor will a practical Catholic fail to lend a hand to help the work along.

The monthly or yearly allotment which these parishes give for the support of a priest or a Sister on the missions must necessarily fan the zeal of the people, and the thought of their sponsored one's sacrifice will warm their faith.

Education is the cry of the hour. Let us not forget to educate in the Church's apostolic work.



**H**OW much Faith has he who hugs it to his breast without any thought of sharing it with his neighbor? How much understanding of his Faith has he who believes its substance without passing on to its logical implications? Is it not a mistake to think we can believe the Faith without living it? And can we live it without propagating it? Can we keep the Faith by keeping it to ourselves?

Only a missionary Church lives. When it ceases to expand it begins to contract. This is because charity, which is expansive by nature, is growing cold. Let us preserve our life by communicating life, increase our strength by exercising our strength, keep our Faith by giving it away.

#### Off With the Bands

**W**E recently came across the record of a non-Catholic missionary meeting held in the city of Boston thirty years ago. It was interesting to note that the comments and suggestions of those ministers and laymen of three decades ago might still be made today. We have jotted down the following extracts from the report as pertinent to our own times:

"If the religion of Christianity is worth anything it is worth everything; if it is false, repudiate it; if true, propagate it. God is looking for propagators and originators. Love never asks 'How much *must* I do?' but 'How much *may* I do?'"

"I have searched the Scriptures, but I haven't been able to find the place where it says, 'God so loved John Smith.' In fact, I haven't found that 'God so loved Boston.' So I conclude that the scheme of salvation is a world-wide scheme and we must go about it on that basis."

"When the American Board of Mis-

sions asked for a charter it was said in the Legislature, 'We have no religion to export.' Henry Van Dyke was right when he replied, 'If that notion had prevailed we would now have no religion to keep.'"

"This is no small thing that we ask. We ask that you cooperate with God in getting His Will realized in human society."

"I would rather save the souls of a million men than make a million dollars—and the sobering fact is that it is a possibility."

"What is the best thing a pastor can do for his people—the best thing? Without any reservation I should say, 'Let him get them absorbed with the mission spirit. Try it and you will see the stony wake up, and the stingy loosen up, and the sour sweeten up. The cure for a sick parish is to get it on a missionary diet.'"

The report was annotated by the Secretary, who said, "If each will set his *tithes* and as much more as he can, and divide equally between home and foreign missions, the problem will soon be solved and the world evangelized."

Thirty years ago Catholics in America could not have convened such a meeting. Their knowledge of foreign endeavors was extremely limited. In the three decades that have passed, however, the missions of the non-Catholic churches have waned considerably, and many of those backed by American dollars are suffering severely.

In the meantime we Catholics have been aroused to a new interest in foreign mission activities. It is true, the financial results are still incomparable with those of the non-Catholic churches at the height of their mission enthusiasm. However, prayerful interest will effect that likewise, all in God's good time.

Now is certainly the acceptable moment for the Church to make deeper inroads to the souls of the non-Christian multitudes. The ends of the earth are rapidly drawing together; the Far East is a focus of the world's eyes.

Catholics in America will certainly rise to the opportunity if they can only be made to see it. The cry from afar has been heard here, but its sound is still weak; strong voices must yet speak the words of enlightenment and persuasion; from our eyes must fall the bands with which a self-centered development would blind us.

## Christ's Way

**W**HEN Maryknoll's foundation was first proposed to the Bishops of America in 1911, they summed up its spiritual significance in these words: "In an age when material comforts are fast running towards luxury, it is well to strike the note of whole-hearted immolation for Christ and souls."

In some circles that is as true today as it was then. There are still social levels where material comforts run towards luxury, and to them the missionary's joy in sacrifice stands as a reminder

olutionary discontent.

For these, the missionary in fields afar has a message. He counsels them to overcome pessimism with courage, and cynicism with sympathy for fellow sufferers poorer even than themselves. Strangely enough, the missionary does not rebuke, but shares, the revolutionary discontent with things as they are. He is not unconcerned with physical ills, but is merely more concerned with moral ills. And to alleviate both he points to Christ's way—the way of self-reform and consequent good example, of peaceful dissemination of truth, as the road to better things.

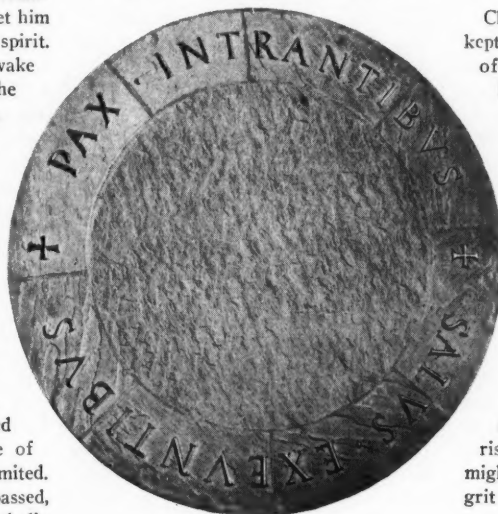
Choice, or force of circumstances, has kept us at home; but it was a philosophy of life that guided him whom we perhaps thought a visionary, to select the hard lot of the apostle in mission lands. That same philosophy guides him still and makes him the smiling master of situations more complicated than those which seem utterly insoluble at home. If he can do the harder task, can we not do the easier one?

On any count, to admit the impossibility of solving our home problems would scarcely seem worthy of us as Catholics—or even as Americans. If we cannot at once rise to the heights of the ascetics, we might begin by recovering some of the grit of our national forebears.

There was scant comfort in a covered wagon, and still less in a medieval hermitage. The colonists came to America, facing perils and privations which we can but faintly picture, in order to save their religious convictions. Their abnegation did not equal that of the Fathers in the desert, for it did not preclude the possibility of material prosperity. But it was much to prefer ideals to comfort, to exchange social security in the pleasant ancestral environment for the service of God in a wilderness.

Worthy progeny of such bold ancestors are the multitudes that have smiled through the repeated reverses of the past few years, and by bearing one another's burden have fulfilled the law of Christ.

And what of the extremists—those queer folks who call poverty 'holy,' and who set on foot great enterprises for God in the midst of chaos? Missioners call them kindred spirits, for both are sent to the poor of the earth and would give to the poor all riches through the poverty of Christ.



## Hail and Farewell

*"Pax intrantibus." "Peace to those who enter."  
"Salus exeuntibus." "Salvation to those who go forth."*

*This inscription is on the floor of the foyer just inside the main entrance of the Seminary. Visitors see in it a gracious welcome and a parting benediction. For the incipient missionary it holds a deeper meaning: Peace—the gift of the Divine Missioner to all who come and follow Him; Salvation—to countless souls through the ministration of those who go forth in His Name.*

that no great prize, even temporal, is to be won in such a race. For many, however, the problem has changed. Dwindling purses find it difficult to maintain the necessities of life, let alone luxuries. For some, the fear, inspired by the flight of material comforts, is fast running towards pessimism, cynicism, and even rev-



## THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS

*The Unfinished Shrine*

*This is a true story. It happened in Fushun, Manchukuo. Sister Maria Thyne, of Arlington, Massachusetts, tells the story.*

**I**T just happened to be a dull moment in the dispensary, so I called to the two little girls who were looking in the window and said I would tell them a story. *Little Cloud* and *Precious Treasure* had been spending their playtime outside our dispensary window daily for over a week, waiting for such a dull moment as this. They were so anxious to learn more about their new religion.

We looked at the picture of a happy little girl, with a clean heart, and her guardian angel smiling beside her; and at another picture of a sad little girl, with a black heart, and her guardian angel crying beside her, while the devil, fiery red, smiled nearby. We covered the entire story of how the good little girl could remain happy and keep her heart clean, and how the sad little girl could clean her heart, gladden her guardian angel, and make the devil run away.

So absorbed were the children in the pictures, and I in them, that none of us were aware of Mrs. Chang entering the room. She startled us with the question, "Is there any way by which a pagan can make her heart clean?" I was surprised that a woman of fifty-five years would be interested in our little crayon-colored catechism pictures.

Once more we put the book aside. *Little Cloud* and *Precious Treasure* ran outside to play, while I took care of my patient.

Mrs. Chang had been coming for some time to the dispensary to have an ulcer on her face treated, but until today she had not bestowed even a smile upon my little helper and me. This time, as I dressed the wound, she opened her heart to me. Yes, she believed in a Great Spirit who caused the rain to fall, the wind to blow, the sun to shine, the *kao liang mi* to grow. This Spirit was powerful. He allowed disease to spread, men

to die, crops to be ruined. Loving? That she had not heard. Really, she did not know much about this Spirit. No one had taught her even this much. She had just sensed it. Mrs. Chang said that it was commonly believed that one lived and died and that was the end, but in her heart she had felt that it could not be the end.

In a short time, we had become real friends. How the woman's eyes beamed when she heard that the Great Spirit is all good, loves us all, and wants to save us!

"He has given you a guardian angel, like the one in the picture, to help you do what is right," I told her.

Would I let her see the picture again? Why, certainly. In fact, any day that Mrs. Chang had leisure, I should be glad to show her pictures and tell her about the Heavenly Lord. Should she return tomorrow? That would be fine. The ulcer would be dressed and we could have a catechism lesson. Need money? No, she need bring no money. This, indeed, was not easy for her to understand. Something for nothing in China!

Mrs. Chang bowed herself out, happy and light of heart, only to return the following day looking very downcast. She announced very sadly that she could not become a Catholic, because Mr. Chang, now fifty-three, was a builder of pagan shrines. If he embraced the new religion, he could not do the work. How then could they eat? No, she must put the idea out of her head immediately. She was sure the Spiritual Father would not allow the wife of such a man to enter the Church.

This, indeed, was a poser for me. Our castle in the air seemed to have tumbled down. I did my best to comfort her and to convince the poor woman that she was responsible for her own soul, regardless of what her husband did. She went home to consult with Mr. Chang. Little did I dream that I should ever set eyes on the woman again, for I had not realized the strength of her faith.

The following day she walked in, bright and happy, poultice on face, catechism in hand. Yes, Mr. Chang had consented to his wife becoming a Christian, provided he would not have to become



*Every Sunday finds Mr. and Mrs. Chang at Mass and at the catechism class which follows.*



one. Just leave him in peace now while business was doing so well. Already this week he had carved two pagan shrines and had sold not a few pictures of pagan gods.

Mrs. Chang, like most women in China, could not read. How then was she to learn the catechism? Her husband came to the rescue. He would be glad to teach her, but she must not urge him to believe.

We started out on the first question in the catechism. "Why was man born on earth?" "To adore God and to save his own soul." Over and over again we repeated the words. She went home with the agreement to return next day, knowing the question and answer.

True to her word, the woman appeared next day, out of breath, catechism in hand. She bowed and, without giving me an opportunity to greet her, started to recite the much-practiced sentence and surprised me by adding two more. Yes, she laughingly told me, Mr. Chang had helped her. My! he was a clever man, this husband of hers. He merely looked at the characters once and knew what they were and what they meant. Late into the night, this clever man had continued to read her catechism and seemed to like it. Odd, too, for he had planned to work on that uncompleted shrine.

The morning meal had been, as far as conversation went, a silent one. The shrine builder did not utter a word. Evidently his heart was busy. The clicking of chopsticks seemed unusually loud to Mrs. Chang, who was not a little worried. At the close of the meal, as she gathered up the bowls and chopsticks, Mrs. Chang inquired about his shrine. How was it getting along? How soon would it be finished?

The shrine? Ah, that would not be finished soon. No, it would never be finished; at least, not by him. He must find other work. Something, anything, to support them for the remaining years of their lives. But save his soul, he must! For forty-one years they had lived happily together, and, if something could unite them after death, he wanted that something.

For the first time in her life, Mrs. Chang wished she could pray, pray for her husband, for hadn't she upset his life thus? If only he could find employment! At fifty-three this would not be easy, especially when pagan friends discovered that he had embraced Christianity.

"Heavenly Lord, help us!" prayed Mrs. Chang, for the first time in her life. The answer came before Mr. Chang



*We looked at the picture of a happy little girl with her Guardian Angel standing beside her.*

had taught his wife two pages of the catechism. A man at the city gate offered him a position where he could just

sit all day and write characters. The pay was not much, but less pay with a peaceful heart was better than abundance with a sad heart.

Counting the days till Christmas, when they hope to be baptized, the Changs study the catechism together every night. She is so proud of her teacher-husband, and he of his pupil. Every Sunday morning finds them at Mass and at the catechism class that follows.

In a corner of his old workshop, covered with dust, stands a unique tribute to their new-found Faith and happiness—the unfinished shrine.

#### **Mail-Order Sale**

**I**NSTEAD of a Christmas store in New York City this year, the Maryknoll Sisters announce a nation-wide, mail-order sale of Maryknoll mission-made goods, including linens for home and altar, vestments, and Oriental novelties. For price list address: The Maryknoll Sisters, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

#### **The Maryknoll Cloister**

solicits orders for:

The Autobiography of St. Thérèse  
Cloth .....\$1  
Wrapper .....50¢  
The Spirit of St. Thérèse.....90¢

(Postage extra on all books)

The Maryknoll Cloister  
Maryknoll P.O. New York

#### **Christmas Mail**

bound for the Orient should be on its way before December first. Central addresses for Maryknoll Sisters are on the first page of this issue.



# Hakka Ve

Rev. Raymond Quinn of  
among the Hakka Chin of K

were entertained in various reception rooms. A few minutes in one of these rooms waiting for the feast to begin would suffice to dispel the impression of the average American that the Chinese are silent and sinister. The art of conversation, providing one of the few diversions in the deadly monotony of life in Hakka-land, has definitely not been lost. Young and old discussed a wide range of subjects with a brilliancy of wit and pungency of phrase that might well fit in a seventeenth-century salon. The feast was then announced, and all took their places.

The Chinese *penchant* for bird's-nest soup, hundred-year-old eggs, and sharks' fins has been remarked often enough. They were only the trimmings. Meat, fish, delicacies, and plenty of rice wine filled the

**O**UR old faithful 450-pounder, John, rang out! As John's tongue smote his old iron sides, behold! A host of people, a chair of red!

It was Maria's wedding day, and her well-beloved groom Al (oysius) was trying to disentangle her from the depths of a chair heavily draped in brilliant red.

Demure, but charming, Maria emerged and was hastened by the eager Al to the church door. This was a Catholic wedding, so Al needed no rooster in his hand to scare the evil spirits away.

"Here comes the bride," and into the church they went. A Nuptial Mass followed. The only difference between Maria's wedding and that of any lovely Yankee bride was the absence of a shower of rice. They seem to need all there is for the banquet.

Fun and feasting then followed according to ancient custom. This part of the wedding festivities is always the same, whether for Christians or non-Christians. *Koi Fu,*

*Father Patrick Malone views the bride's chair, heavily draped in brilliant red.*

or "to open the meeting," came first. This is a testimonial where rigid formality prevails. An influential man presided; Maria and Al stood before him. A master of ceremonies announced the program in a loud voice: "The bride and groom reverence the presiding lord. The first bow, the second bow, the third bow!" Like automatons they followed his directions. "The bride and groom exchange presents." Maria and Al exchanged rings. "Delightful music!" The one-piece orchestra squeaked forth. "The presiding lord deigns to admonish the bride and groom." Flowery phrases . . . long life . . . many sons. . .

After the meeting, the guests

*Silent witnesses stand at the church door, waiting to be reclaimed after Mass.*



# Wedding Bells

an of Monterey, California, tells us what happens  
China of Kaying, when wedding bells ring out.

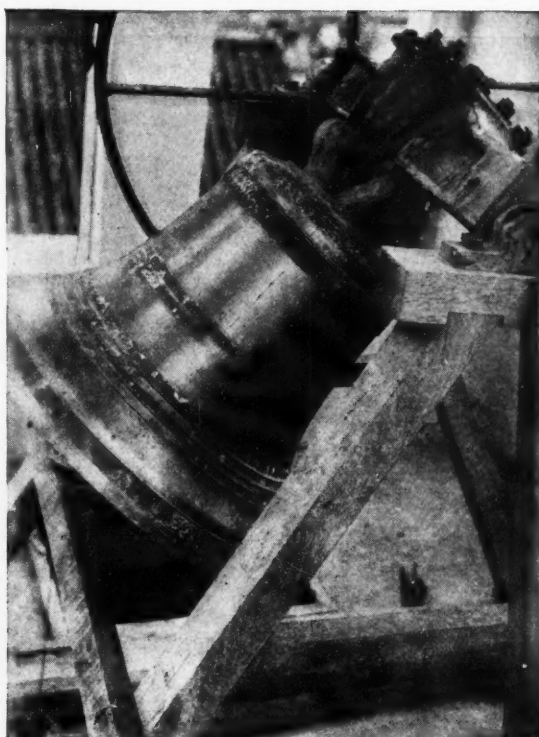
reception board. Maria and Al performed the ancient rite peculiar to wedding feasts. They went to all of the circular six-plate tables. Each held each guest's bowl while the bride poured in a bit of liquor from a silver tankard.

After the banquet there was another immersion. Then the tea began, the teasing of the bride. Pairs were placed along three sides of the court. The male guests were seated, and the women and children formed a cordon five or six deep behind the pairs.

Al led Maria into the center of the square. Maria's duty was to serve tea and cigarettes to the guests, but they would refuse to accept until she comply with the foolish request.



*Maria and Al pose in all the glory of their wedding finery.*



*Our old faithful 450-pounder, John, which joyously announces "Here comes the Bride."*

Two of the guests were especially prominent in the clowning, one a talkative little fellow with something of a court jester about him, the other uncouth, jovial, an Oriental Silenus.

The little fellow refused to drink his tea until the bride gave sign of her good will by saying the Chinese equivalent of "Tweet, tweet, tweet." Amid the laughter that followed this demand, he leaned forward to hear her. "No," he exclaimed, "she hasn't said it." Some of the men said she had but the women outside the circle cried, "No!" After a long argument,

much coaxing, and pleading, Maria emitted an audible sound which was accepted as compliance, and the tormentor accepted the tiny bowl of tea. Maria moved on to the next guest.

All around the circle foolish demands were made and Maria at least had to attempt to fulfill them. After Maria had induced each guest to accept tea and cigarettes, the teasing was over, and the wedding party broke up.

This Hakka wedding presented a rather curious contrast between the old and the new. Maria's dress was the traditional one, but she wore a wrist watch. Al wore a long Chinese saam, but had a foreign hat and shoes. Their long wedding procession, with musicians beating gongs and piping flutes, carriers loaded down with baskets of presents, the gorgeous bridal chair, had to deploy to the side of the road to get out of the path of an overcrowded, wildly honking modern autobus. Western influence and what we call progress have advanced even into the hills of northern Kwangtung.



*Mr. Fiddle-de-de, a one-man orchestra, entertains the wedding guests and the neighborhoodurchins in a corner of the garden.*





## November Atop Mary's Knoll



**The memorial cross at Bedford, high above the Concord River.**

### **Bedford—**

In late November, 1937, Brother Engler (we called him Bill) gave up his life for his friend. At first, it stunned us. Then we remembered that he was in the company of all deceased Maryknoll priests, Brothers, Sisters, students, and friends, and instead of mourning our loss we

rejoiced that one of our own had joined Maryknoll Triumphant.

Our memories of Bill were high, and we decided to pass them on in some small way to the novices who would follow us. In the summer we worked steadily and long, and finally in late August we completed the erection of a huge cross, the true symbol of sacrifice. It stands on a mound overlooking the ball field, surrounded by shrubs, wild flowers, and rustic paths. In the distance one can see the waters of the historic Concord River, which swallowed up Bill's earthly life.

### **Home Knoll—**

The early nightfall of days from autumn into winter is noticeable at Maryknoll particularly at rosary time, towards the end of the late afternoon, when the bell calls outdoors for the recitation of Our Lady's chaplet. Clement weather sees groups of two and more pacing the paths and upper cloister, while the inclement draws a greater portion of the community to the lower cloister walk. The rise or fall of the thermometer is registered, too, in the gait of the several

groups, and in the variety of habiliments unearthed — from heaven only knows where. 'Tis just as well the cold evenings and students are shrouded in darkness. The *Aves* ascend to God with the murmuring pines and the gales that sweep around the corners, as Mary, we like to feel, keeps her Knoll sheltered safe beneath her mantle.

An annual November ceremony which has been observed by priests and students in all Maryknoll houses since our first years is that of renewing the clerical promises on the Feast of Our Lady's Presentation. These promises, made by the young cleric as he receives the first order of the Church, tonsure, is expressed in the Psalm verse, "The Lord is the portion of my inheritance and of my cup." At Benediction, before the Blessed Sacrament exposed, the renewal of this promise is made each year. In the col-

leges and in the novitiate those who have not yet donned the cassock and cincture of Maryknoll are this day participating in the investiture ceremony.

After the opening retreat of the school year, subdeacons were ordained to the diaconate, the first-year theologians, received tonsure from the Most Rev. John B. Peterson, D.D., Bishop of Manchester, N.H., who graciously consented to come to Maryknoll for this ceremony. While these deacons are, at present, spared the task of caring for the widow and orphan, they prepare seriously for the next step which brings them into the priesthood and nearer the missions, where not only widows and orphans but other countless souls await their ministrations.

Recreation periods at the Seminary are not always spent in play. Several times



**Maryknoll's newest Junior Seminary at St. Louis, Mo.**



a week, a group of students spend their free time chopping down and sawing trees in one section of the woods. This supply of fuel was their offering to relieve poor families in the neighboring village of Ossining. The pastor of the local parish provided a truck to haul the wood, and the seminarians filled the truck on twenty-five different occasions. They expect, according to the "boss woodsman" to even better that record during the present winter.

#### **Los Altos—**

Maryknoll is growing, in heaven and on earth. Each year its ranks increase—new names enrolled in its registers, new names inscribed in its necrology.

With the establishment of a new cemetery at Los Altos, another hallowed shrine of pilgrimage will have been unveiled—a shrine where youthful followers of the Master can gather in the twilight of November evenings and lay intercessory garlands of rosaries on the graves of their departed brothers.

Cradled in the crest of a hill overlooking the fruitful Santa Clara Valley, standing sentinel over the farthest reach of San Francisco Bay, a finger tip of Ocean's hand that joins militant Maryknollers at home and abroad, our new God's Acre on the Pacific Coast is a monument to our triumphant members, who like other zealous Xaviers have gone

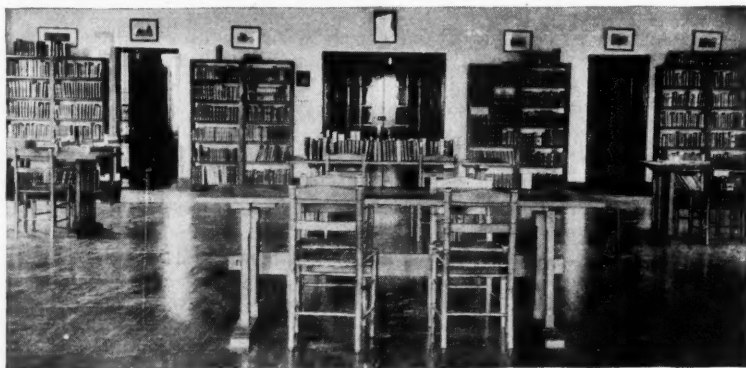
*Seminarians, in recreation periods, supply fuel for Ossining's needy families.*



dramatics are uppermost in the thoughts of every Venarder. The presentation of a play has much more in it than mere pleasure and recreation—the missionary of the future obtains valuable training from

man" to Broadway's latest successes. Maryknoll's own plays are also staged. "The Whole Way," Bishop Walsh's dramatic account of St. Francis Xavier, is scheduled for presentation in the near future. Occasionally a play is the work of one of our number, an example being an enjoyable version of "The Shadow on the Earth." Since Maryknoll College is now a member of the Catholic Theatre Conference, we expect to include in our repertoire some of the outstanding Catholic plays which the Conference lists.

We are told that the Orientals, among whom most of us will labor, love acting and pageantry. Who can tell? The experience gained on the Venard stage may pave the way for a dramatic presentation fruitful for souls in the Far East.



*The College library shelves at Clarks Summit have still a few cavities awaiting fillings.*

to permanent rest in an Eternal Paradise.

First seed of God's newest vineyard will be the earthly remains of Brother Augustine, who died April 23, 1937, while homeward bound from Korea to begin his furlough after ten years of mission service. He will be reinterred at Los Altos on All Souls' Day.

#### **The Venard—**

With the winter months now upon us,

his Seminary excursion into "the land of make-believe."

A prominent Catholic lecturer claims his most interested and critical audiences are Communists and seminarians. We don't have to worry about satisfying the former, but the latter class impels us to put forth our best efforts.

Approximately five plays a year appear on the Venard stage. They range from the solemn pre-Shakespearean "Every-

One the The Venard's most frequented spots is our large library on the second floor of the college building. Thanks to our benefactors, the books in it are now in excess of five thousand; the shelves devoted to philosophy, sociology, and history, for so long bare, are now beginning to be filled with the latest and most outstanding works in those fields. Encyclopedias, atlases, and other needed reference works have also appeared. The Maryknoll College library is now gradually becoming sufficiently large and up-to-date to meet the demands made upon it by the hundred students.

# On the Maryknoll Newsfront



**Rev. Luke Loo, newly ordained by Bishop Ford**

Bishop Ford said the spot was worthy of a similar decoration. Of course, there was the little matter of figures to be considered, and the missionary made it as little as possible.

In an incredibly short time, as time is computed in the Orient, the Seminary appeared in full growth, and it has since been the center around which mission life revolves in Kaying.

Much of the success of a mission depends upon the native clergy. Hence, our high hopes as we see new Chinese levites for Kaying.

As to Father Loo himself, we do not know the gentleman, but we congratulate him and wish him a long and blessed ministry. He is for us a symbol of the principal purpose of Maryknoll's existence, the building up of the Church in mission lands.

## In Passing—

"There's a long, long line a-winding" past Monsignor Romaniello's door at Kweilin, and many step out to see the foreign Shen Foo.



**The refugees, for the most part, present a ragged picture.**

## Congratulations—

Rev. Luke Loo was recently elevated to the priesthood by Maryknoll's Bishop Francis X. Ford. Father Loo is the seventh Chinese student to have finished his course at the Kaying Seminary for native priests.

When Bishop Ford (then Father Ford) arrived at his new post in Kaying in 1925, he lost no time in calling on one of the city's architects. He had something to show him—a picture of Maryknoll College at Clarks Summit, Pa. The designer of buildings expressed artistic appreciation of the American institute and mentioned a piece of property across the rice

"The refugees for the most part present a ragged picture," writes Monsignor Romaniello, "but occasionally there is one, among poverty-stricken victims, whose wealth soars into the three-figure category. When a bit of such affluence is directed our way, we are almost overwhelmed with gratitude.

"I have in mind, particularly, one Catholic family who stopped here at Kweilin this week on their way from Hankow. Before their brief visit ended, they gave me five dollars 'for God's poor.' This was a new experience in mission finance. Heretofore, funds have had a tendency to gravitate towards the exit of our domain, leaving the entrance free and clear of all monetary traffic.

"This town is now taking care of five hundred refugee



**Father Dowdle of Grosse Pointe, Mich., Henry Ford, Maryknoll's Father Keller, and Standish Backus**

children, and the town folks are giving generously for their support. Last Sunday there was an exhibition of Chinese paintings for the benefit of these homeless youngsters. Even I was among those present and bought a painting. This may sound a bit extravagant, but it had its good purpose other than satisfying the desire to possess a daubed piece of canvas. Every missionary welcomes the opportunity to appear in public; his presence arouses curiosity and leads to questions regarding the Faith."

## N. B. Cinema Syndicates—

Maryknoll's Father Keller and the planet's Henry Ford met at a wedding in Detroit. As the distinguished, white-haired celebrity, with hand extended, approached Father Keller, the latter groped mentally for some greeting a little more blithe than the conventional "How do you do?"

"I knew you at first glance—you look so much like A. Lincoln," suggested itself and had a flattering connotation, yet it was not true, historically. The passing seconds brought no further inspiration, and Father Keller, clutching at a thought solo-fighting through his brain, was heard to say: "I'm happy to meet you, Mr. Ford. I admire the job you have done."

With a smile expressing great pleasure, Mr. Ford replied: "I cannot tell you how glad I am to hear this from a person like you, Father. It means much to me—more than I can tell you."

The two were seen together much that afternoon, but the remainder of their conversation seems to be "off the record."

## In the Heavenly Well—

"I baptized an old woman today, a dear soul!" a Maryknoll Sister in Kaying writes. "You'd love her! She is eighty-four

and has been blind for thirteen years. She said to me: 'I never see in the daytime; but at night, when I dream, I can see so plainly—the earthen jar with vegetables in it, out in the heavenly well. I'm so afraid somebody will break it.'

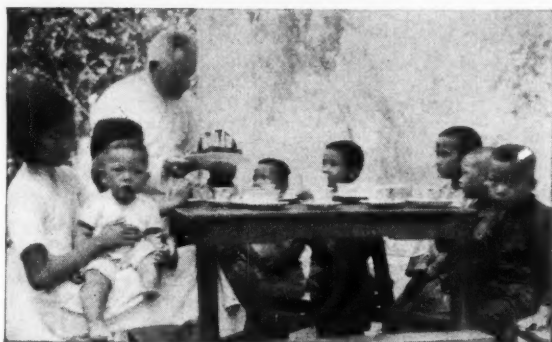
"Beautiful, is it not, how she visions her precious possession, the Faith, as a peasant's store of food kept fresh and sweet in the depths of the well?"

### A Study in Black and White—

Weeks in advance, Father Sandy's loyal and devoted flock made preparations for the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. They would make it a memorable one! We are afraid they succeeded.

Came the day, with a large attendance at High Mass celebrated by the entire hierarchy of Sancian Island—Father Robert J. Cairns, twenty years a priest.

The afternoon featured a high tea for the children. In an immaculately white cassock, Father Sandy beamed his happiest while "pouring" for his little friends, who had come from every nook and cranny of the island for the party. There was a cake ablaze with twenty candles, surrounded by other choice tidbits.



The ice-cream hush at Father Cairns' party

But that wasn't all! Here comes the "memorable" born in state—BLACK ICE CREAM!

We haven't been able to track down the recipe, but in our more kindly moments we try to think of licorice as the basic ingredient of the delectable dish.

### Manchu-mufti, a Jeeves Creation—

Jeeves snapped this one for us, to procure, no doubt, our ecclesiastical approval of the Manchu-mufti in which he had decked the pastor of Nagasaki San Ban Cho. It worried Jeeves all last winter whenever he thought of only two layers of wool standing between Father Escalante and the forty-below temperature. Something had to be done about it. Whether he



Father Escalante in a Jeeves creation of Manchu-mufti

plucked the hairs (of this outfit) a few at a time, from roving unsuspecting bears, or whether he shot and skinned the bears for his material purpose, we do not know. Suffice it to say that the result of his handiwork is pleasing and comforting—we trust.

But you say you have not met Jeeves? Oh, you must! He's precious, this boy of Father Escalante's—"boy" in Chinese being the comprehensive term for chef, butler, housemaid, business executive, procurator, and general-utility man. Jeeves is entitled to a service stripe for having qualified in all these

capacities, and may now add another for that of *valet de chambre*.

But here's a note in the same mail from Father Escalante, giving an interesting development in the life of Jeeves:

"I almost had a stroke the other day when Jeeves charged into the room to ask for the loan of a few 'fivers' with which to buy his future bride. Jeeves, as you know, is fair, fat, and fortyish—a widower for many years. At the announcement, I tried my best to give the stare of a dead fish, and thus show my disapproval of his not having previously consulted me; although I did try to spare his feelings by couching my grievance in obscure phrases; first quoting physicians, psychologists, and spiritual writers who have said that the human heart is a weak thing and at times does queer things. Finally, I gave utterance to my greatest fear, 'Then you will be leaving my service soon?' To which he replied quite unconcernedly, 'No, the idea has not occurred to me.'"



Jesuit Fathers, visitors at St. Francis Xavier's tomb, Sancian

1. Maryknoll missionaries in Eastern Asia number 177 priests and 13 Auxiliary Brothers.
2. They labor in seven territories.
3. Four of these territories—Kongmoon, Kaying, Wuchow, Kweilin—are in South China.
4. Three of these territories—Kyoto in Japan, Peng Yang in Korea, Fushun in Manchukuo—are in the north.

### EIGHT POINTERS ON THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS

5. These seven territories embrace 142,000 square miles—twice the area of the New England States.

6. The seven contain 20,000,000 non-Christian souls—over three times the population of the New England States.
7. They count approximately 60,000 Catholics (56,675 in June, 1937).
8. They are winning approximately 7,500 adult converts a year (7,413 adult converts from July 1, 1936, to June 30, 1937).



# Our World of Missions

Our note pages on men  
and things missionary

**W**ANTED—Leaders.” Often this sign hangs out in vain; the leaders do not come. For, to make a leader, there is need of much more than

the desire for a job. There is need of fire in the spirit, the thirst to achieve, the generosity to bear the burdens of struggle.

Sometimes, we seem to lack leaders for our activities among certain peoples and classes in the Church. However, perhaps the real lack is that of a proper local organization to absorb and employ the potential leaders we actually have, but who for the most part are not enlisted.

This can well be the explanation why today we have relatively little expression of the missionary spirit in the Church's homeland work in the United States. Our Catholic colleges are turning out admirable specimens of young men and young women. A few join Maryknoll or other mission societies and go overseas for souls. Others enter religious life in America. But what of the great majority? Why are not the thousands who remain for secular careers at home enlisted for part-time service in winning to the Church our fifty or so millions of homeland pagans?

We venture to suggest that it is because there is nobody ready with an attractive and practical proposal for these men and women. When the relatively few college students of radical tendencies look about for a means to express themselves, they find the Young Communist League or the Young People's Socialist League ready for them with some such thrilling proposal as speaking from a soap box in Union Square or in their local “square.” They see something definite to do, an organization sufficiently well dressed-up for them to be able to speak of it with pride, a program sufficiently convincing and possessing enough immediacy to make them enthusiastic at the prospect of sacrifice.

Many will gasp at the idea that there is not enough in the Catholic Church to rouse our young laymen to action. There is plenty to do, but there is too frequently no local instrument for drawing zeal into a channel of practical activity that will convert non-Catholic Americans.

Harold Lord Varney, a New York author and historian, wrote recently as follows: “The problem which confronts Conservatism in the youth field, is a

problem, not of the fewness, but of the leaderlessness of Conservatives among the young. Without central organization, without the imagination and color to make Conservatism appealing, without any consistent vigilance in opposing the coups of the Reds, non-Radical youth is steadily losing ground in its struggle against the insolent Communist faction. While there is reassurance in the fact that the numbers are still on the side of non-Radicalism, the Communists continue to achieve triumphs because their opponents are disunited. A dazzling political future awaits the young leader who can transform Conservative young America into an articulate and masterful organized formation.”

Mr. Varney is speaking in the field of political philosophy. Our concern lies in the field of religion. His words have an application to the question of the conversion of the non-Catholics of America.

## Convert Quality in the East—

How much vigor and initiative does the Faith possess among our Catholics of China, Japan, and throughout the East generally? Instances come to light constantly to demonstrate that in this new world of the Church there is proportionately every bit as fine a quality of religious life as among our best Old World faithful.

We find that in Java, large island in the Dutch East Indies, one of the first steps in the conversion of the six hundred thousand immigrant Chinese was taken by the Chinese themselves. Sons of some of the successful Chinese merchants were sent to the great schools of the Christian Brothers at Singapore and were converted. Returning to their island home, they demonstrated the strength of their convictions by commencing Catholic Action work among their people. It goes without saying that the local missionaries were quick to see the possibilities, and thus we now have a very promising movement among the Chinese of Java.

Other young men, converted in our colleges of South China and now living in

**D**URING the last twenty years, Maryknoll has put over four hundred missionaries — priests, Brothers, and Sisters — in the field afar. To what extent are you cooperating in this great work for souls?

Hong Kong and Canton, have founded a well-edited and well-printed magazine, the title of which rendered in English is *The Torch*. The largest Chinese distributing agencies asked immediately for thousands of copies and thus provided an immense field of circulation. The bombing of Canton destroyed an issue on the press at the time, but the project goes steadily ahead, a disseminator of Catholic ideals and of anti-communistic arguments.

Thoughtful non-Christians who aspire to a life of religion and service are recognizing more and more the depth and beauty in Catholicity and, as Catholic converts, prove themselves Christians of first quality. A remarkable example is found in the city of Tsinanfu in North China, where thirteen non-Christian young women studied nursing, formed a sort of Buddhist religious community, and undertook the conduct of a charity center, caring particularly for homeless children. They were maintained by a wealthy non-Christian, Mr. Chow Peipeng, a great admirer of Lo Pa Hong. Recently, the entire group of young women entered the Church, and Mr. Chow is said to be seriously considering following their example.

## Father of the Rogan Fathers—

The father of the Rogan Fathers has passed away. The Rogans are one of the most charming phenomena of the modern mission world, and it brings sadness to us all to hear that they are bereft of their dear parent.

A letter to Maryknoll from one of the sons, Father Lawrence, a missionary in the Philippine Islands, will serve admirably to convey to you what we wish to say:

“I have just a few days ago received a cable from Ireland, announcing the death of my dear Dad.

“Dad was a wonderful man—a great missionary, having given all his sons to Mill Hill and his only girl to the cloister. I thought of Maryknoll, when reflecting on the news, and I thought of poor Father Gerard Donovan, one of three brothers all at Maryknoll, and my sympathy went out to you and to the family of Father Gerard.

“Those are wonderful parents who so readily give their sons and daughters to the missions. My Dad was years and years all alone at home in Ireland, all four sons on the missions. Three of us





***His Eminence, the late Cardinal Laurenti, with a group of social workers, feeding the poor on Christmas Day.***

are still in the field: Monsignor Peter in the Cameroons; Father Willie in Kenya; myself still in Iloilo. Father Jim, who did eleven and a half years in the Caribbean, is now Rector of our Junior College in Ireland, and I presume was with Dad when Dad died, as Father Jim sent me the cable.

"Pray, please, for Dad's soul and get the Fathers, students, and Sisters to pray. He was a great missionary. I am trying to follow his virtues. They were deep-rooted and strong.

"Accept my best wishes. I have always loved Maryknoll."

#### **Topping a Handicap—**

Joseph Chang was never downed by his handicap. He died in Shanghai recently, of tuberculosis of the bones, from which he suffered in a very real sense for over ten years, but during all this period he was one of China's leaders in Catholic Action.

Joseph Chang was dismissed from the Seminary because of his malady, but from his sick bed he found means to engage in the apostolate. When the new Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Zanin, came to China, Mr. Chang collected and edited the remarkably abundant press notices and published them in a volume of some three hundred pages. At the All-China Catholic Action Congress at Shanghai in 1935, he organized the Catholic press exhibit.

He gave himself the routine task of writing for the press and, by a very able approach to men well placed in the Chinese newspaper world, secured excellent space for his apologetic contributions. For a considerable time a prominent Shanghai daily put a page at his disposal each week for Catholic news. He also interested himself in radio and is credited with delivering the first Catholic broadcast in China.

Our thanks to Joseph Chang for his lesson to us. Other men have achieved by struggling in the forum; Chang wrought good while lying in bed. God's peace be upon him!

#### **Cardinal Laurenti—**

In 1911 when Fathers Walsh and Price went to Rome to propose the foundation of Maryknoll, the Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda was a slightly built but energetic and keen-visioned young Roman prelate who, immediately upon learning of their project, became its ardent advocate. In the years which followed, he continued to encour-

age the infant mission Society and to praise among his fellows this new force for the apostolate which was rising in America.

The prelate's zeal and intelligence marked him out, and the world found one morning that by Benedict XV's act he had become His Eminence, Cardinal Laurenti. Other work than missions engaged his time thereafter, but he continued a warm protagonist of everything missionary. Every Maryknoller who visited Rome was a welcome caller at his simple home, and with the deep feeling of one who felt strong attachment he rejoiced or mourned with Maryknoll in every happening.

God has now called him to Himself. May he rest in peace, one of the matchless citizens of the world whose interests and affections are as catholic as the Church itself.

#### **Mill Hill's Latest—**

St. Joseph's Mission Society, our English contemporary with its headquarters in the London suburb of Mill Hill, had a 1938 ordination class of forty-five. Cardinal Hinsley conferred the priesthood in Westminster Cathedral. Maryknoll's heartfelt congratulations! Maryknollers have many friends among Mill Hill's missionaries, who hail not only from England but from Ireland, Holland, and the Tyrol.

**CHARITY must expand, or it will die.**

## THE BOUNTY PAGE

**Dear Maryknoll Friends,**

If someone asked you at the breakfast table what you had to do before nightfall, what should you answer? Many of you would name heavy tasks and interesting ones.

Heavy and interesting is that of the Maryknoll Treasurer. Put the question to him over his morning coffee, and he will answer, "I've got to pick up a thousand dollars." And this is the story for every morning of the year, for Maryknoll now must find a thousand dollars a day to cover its needs.

How is this accomplished?

A few of the gifts are large. Each month, by means of the *Maryknoll Want Ads*, we make known some of the projects overseas which require sums from \$100 to \$5,000, and certain Maryknoll friends discover among them the particular substantial need which appeals to them for their offering. This month, for instance, a New York lady chose the appeal for \$1,500 for a chapel at Kangkei, Korea; another friend sent the \$100 requested for a dispensary in Kweilin.

But most Maryknoll gifts are small. It is the quiet, steady fall of gentle rain that waters our pastures; it is the flow of offerings of one dollar or of several dollars made at the price of sacrifice that cares for our missions.

Many of these offerings come monthly from our sponsors. Some sponsors care for a missionary for every day, making a monthly offering of \$30. Others provide for a half month, or ten days, or five days. The great majority, however, are listed for one or two days monthly. Our sponsors form the chief mainstay among the trusty cohorts who keep Maryknoll missionaries provisioned for their task.

Perhaps some day you can see your way to joining the sponsor ranks!

Gratefully in Christ,

**The Maryknoll Fathers**

We give Thee thanks, Almighty God, for all Thy gifts which we have received from Thy bounty.

**From Our Mail Bag****And Still He Gives—**

"I deeply regret that on account of my salary having been reduced \$10 a week, I shall be able to support a missionary for only one day a month instead of two.

"This reduction occurred three years ago, but I have been struggling along somehow. If conditions pick up and I receive a suitable increase in salary, I will increase my quota again."—Ohio

**Not Stringless, But Shoeless—**

"Kindly excuse delay in sending subscription to THE FIELD AFAR. Finances were low, and four of my six children needed shoes.

"I certainly wish I could give more to Maryknoll, as I have always received more in return than I could give."—Mass.

**All For the Cause—**

"Enclosed you will find a check for fifteen dollars—a stipend given me for

**The Month's Prize Letter**

Dear Father,

Enclosed is my subscription to THE FIELD AFAR for another year. I sincerely wish that I could give much more material aid to Maryknoll, whose priests and Sisters hold a large place in my heart and prayers.

Mother and Dad, however, are opposed to Catholicity. I am not a Catholic either, but my heart and soul are yearning for the day when, unworthy though I am, my loving Savior will come to me in Holy Communion. I have waited three and a half long years; but, God willing, I will enter the Church next Easter, when I shall be of age. To Him I wish to dedicate my whole life, loving Him and serving Him in whatever field He chooses for me. I feel that this will be the foreign missions, and thus you see why Maryknoll is so dear to me.

God bless Maryknoll both here and in the field afar. Please pray for me.

—B.S., Penna.

a sermon I preached the other evening. It is not much, but I know that every little bit will help the cause along."—Conn.

**She Makes It Sweeter and Lighter—**

"In closing, let me say one word about THE FIELD AFAR. There is no magazine I enjoy reading more; it breathes such a spirit of joy. Truly, judging from its pages, Maryknollers have found the burden light and the yoke sweet."—N.Y.

**Flash—Flash—**

"Family clamoring for FIELD AFAR STOP Please send our copy and oblige."—Pa.

**Among Our First Subscribers—**

"Sorry I have not renewed my subscription to THE FIELD AFAR. After eighteen years I surely miss my best friend, this little magazine. I shall try to scrape a dollar together by the first of the month, so please do not drop my name from your mailing list. Sometimes the small income I have does not go as far as it should, but I do not want to miss any of the benefits of being a member in your big family."—Calif.

**Safety First—**

"I received some money which I thought was lost forever, and so I thought I would put it where it will be safe forever. Please use it for the missions where it is needed."—Pa.

**Three Dollars a Month Supports a Leper—**

"It is time to buy rice for my leper, and today I am sending an additional \$36 in memory of my sister, lately deceased; also \$36 from a friend of mine who would like to support a leper for a year."—Calif.

**Wills and Annuities**

MARYKNOLL friends who have passed on remembered us through the instrument of legacies, which last month matured in our favor in four states—Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, and California.

In four states, likewise, friends placed with us annuities, which will render them interest while they are on earth and, we are sure, sweet fruits in heaven. A doctor in Ohio is on the list, and three women—one married and two single—in New York, Pennsylvania, and Missouri.

We have a booklet on wills and another on annuities. Should you be interested, write us.

**Maryknoll Want Ads**

**WANTED**—One gift of \$700 for the erection of a Sisters' convent at Pet Teou Tsai, Kaying Vicariate, South China.

**WANTED**—Twenty gifts of \$100 each for maintenance of twenty seminarians during year of 1938-39, Kaying Vicariate, South China.

**WANTED**—One gift of \$2,000 for erection of chapel in Wuchow Junior Seminary, Tanchuk, Wuchow Prefecture, South China.

**WANTED**—Fifteen gifts of \$100 each to support fifteen seminarians, year of 1938-39, Kongmoon Seminary, Kongmoon Vicariate, South China.

**WANTED**—One gift of \$2,000 for chapel and rectory at Chuanchow, Kweilin Prefecture, South China.

**WANTED**—Eight gifts of \$15 each to engage eight new catechists, Kweilin Prefecture, South China.

**WANTED**—One gift of \$500 for a Sisters' convent at Un Yang Si, Peng Yang Prefecture, Korea.

**WANTED**—Twenty gifts of \$75 each for annual maintenance of twenty native Sisters, Peng Yang Prefecture, Korea.

**WANTED**—Five gifts of \$35 a month for five buildings rented as chapels, Kyoto Prefecture, Japan.

**WANTED**—Two gifts of \$3,000 each for two rectories in the city of Kyoto, Kyoto Prefecture, Japan.

**WANTED**—One gift of \$1,500 for land for mission compound, Linkiang, Fushun Prefecture, Manchukuo.

**WANTED**—\$5,000 to erect chapel, rectory, and other buildings for Japanese-Korean parish, Antung, Fushun Prefecture, Manchukuo.

**WANTED**—Three gifts of \$400 for three country chapels, Wuchow Prefecture, South China.

**WANTED**—\$500 for maintenance of two dispensaries, Kongmoon Vicariate, South China.

*The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.*



*A sacrifice made  
magnifies many times  
the amount of a  
gift to the missions.*

**The Maryknoll Fathers,  
Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.**

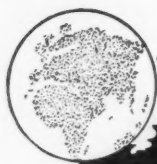
Please send me a Support-a-Missioner dime card, so that I may save up ten dime sacrifices and support a missioner for one day.

Please send ..... cards for friends.

Name.....

Address.....

I shall be happy to do this each month ☐



## Maryknoll Mission Education Bureau



### Are You An Apostolic Book Worm?

**N**ATIONAL BOOK WEEK, celebrated annually towards the middle of November, when a bright hearth fire, a comfortable chair, and a good book defy a bleak season, opens out new vistas to adults and young people. It is an institution that can be of great assistance to teachers and students. It really is an annual inventory of the old and the new literature on our library shelves. It is the ideal season to check up on what we have, have not, ought to have, and want to have in the book line.

For you, mission literature must fit into one or more of these four categories. If in the first, you are rather fortunate, probably up-to-date, and wise; if in the second, you are unfortunate, and something essential to a modern library is lacking to yours. If you can class yourself with the third more common category, now is the season to supply your shelves with needed, readable mission literature. You are to be congratulated if you are in the fourth category. A desire for reading is something very healthy,

### MARYKNOLL MISSION EDUCATION BUREAU

*Designed to meet your  
mission promotion problems.*

1. **Literature Section—**  
offers mission books and pamphlets. Write for our complete price lists.
2. **Press Section—**  
provides Catholic newspapers and magazines with mission copy and photographs.
3. **Entertainment and Lecture Section—**  
offers some twenty-five plays, mission movies and stereoscopic lectures, and mission exhibits. Write for catalogue.
4. **School Section—**  
is at the service of all primary and secondary school teachers. Father Chin heads the Maryknoll Junior Club and our young folks' magazine, *The Maryknoll Junior*. University, college, and high school young men and women are enrolled individually as Maryknoll Pioneers.
5. **Reference and Research Service—**  
will provide you with bibliographies, subject reading references, statistics, photos, and general mission information.

an indication that you are wide-awake.

We suggest you make a few selections from our book and pamphlet lists. Fiction, biography, travel, and the theory of missions are all represented.

### Mission Books In Review

**Taking Down the Crib.** By Francis X. Downey, S.J. Illustrated by Victor Dowling. New York: Pro Parvulis Book Club. \$1.

It was the Christmas Best Seller in 1937. It deserves to be so again in 1938, and so on and on.

John Lyn, the *happy-happy* little boy who had such amazing experiences while assisting Sister Baptista in *Taking Down the Crib*, lives in Jamaica where the author was at one time a missionary. This is a definitely *different* mission book, and it is as excellent as it is different.

Although the book was written for tiny tots, the rest of the family probably crowd out the youngsters when it comes to reading and rereading, and chuckling over the story and the fine illustrations. Every teacher in the country should provide copies in the classroom, so that the children may have a chance to read as their very own a story written specially for them.

Introduce Father Downey's book in your classroom for National Children's Book Week this month. When the children

### Christmas Plays

#### Mixed Cast

The Christ Child Came For All  
Four copies for \$1

Starlight in Sheba  
Four copies for \$1

Another Christmas  
Four copies for \$1

#### All Male Cast

The Unbidden Guest  
Four copies for \$1

The Missing Angels  
Four copies for \$1

#### Small Boy Cast

The Christ Child's Birthday Party  
Four copies for 50c

The Black Lamb  
Four copies for 50c

For catalogue address:  
The Maryknoll Play Library, Maryknoll P. O., New York



clamor for more, subscribe to *The Pro Parvulis Book Club* and thereby provide them with the best new juvenile every two months.

—M.C.

**The Religion Teacher's Library**, a selected annotated list of books, pamphlets, and magazines. Compiled by Rev. Felix M. Kirsch, O.M. Cap., Ph. D., Litt. D., Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C., and Rev. Claude Vogel, O.M. Cap., Ph. D., Secretary of Franciscan Educational Conference, Paterson, New Jersey: St. Anthony Guild Press, 1938. 25 cents.

The introductory note to this useful index says: "The present list of books, pamphlets, and magazines is intended for our teachers of Religion—parents, priests, Brothers, Sisters, and lay catechists. The bibliography, while offering more than one thousand titles, makes no claim to completeness, but is selective. . . . From the brief description appended to the title of each publication, and from its size and cost, the teacher will be able to judge whether it is one that will meet his needs."

Material dealing with all aspects of the study of religion—textbooks, spiritual reading matter, prayer books, literature on marriage and sex problems, religious plays, visual aids, magazines, a directory of publishers—all have their appointed places in *The Religion Teacher's Library*. Under the sections devoted to *Spiritual Reading* and *Religious Plays*, respectively, we are pleased to note selections from Maryknoll publications and from the Maryknoll Play Library. Maryknoll is likewise represented in the *Directory of Publishers*.

For the teacher who is anxious to present his subject from the most interesting and attractive background possible, this well-knit index will prove a very handy guide. It suggests what every modern teacher of religion ought to have: a well-balanced, well-stocked selection of literature.

—M.F.

**Shera of the Punjab.** By Irene Mason Harper, with illustrations by Margaret Newton. New York: Friendship Press, 1938. Cloth \$1, paper 50 cents.

Nowadays, attractive, well-written, really literary juveniles are the usual thing. In this atmosphere, a new book and a new author must meet rather high literary standards. *Shera of the Punjab* is just a bit of a surprise along these lines. It not only meets standards, but

## New Pamphlet **CHRIST IN JAPAN**

By Rev. E. Briggs, M. M.

5 cents

goes a point further by claiming for itself genuine missionary and educational values. Irene Mason Harper is an artist telling her story well.

On a par with the directness of the story are the simple line drawings of the illustrator, Margaret Newton. Her sketches interspersed throughout the text are definitely alive and deft with plenty of action. One receives the enjoyable impression of looking at people, animals,

scenes, and things; not at inanimate pictures of them.

The story is a modern tale of the India where Mrs. Harper is engaged in mission work with her husband and where Miss Newton was the daughter of a missionary family. They know their subject because they have lived it.

With India for a background, a missionary theme threading through for a plot, and a crowd of normal, very human boys and girls for characters, *Shera of the Punjab* is a worth-while story. Bound in bright green cloth stamped in purple, its gold and purple blurb charmingly illustrated, here is a little book that really can be judged by its cover. It lives up to expectations with a zest.

—M.F.



## Four New Maryknoll Story Leaflets

Arrows indicate the new ones.

### Complete List

Quantity	Title
	Little Lotus
	Miyoko Returns the Favor
	Red Sandalwood
	Rosa, Daughter of Hunger
	Father Winthrop Talks of Folly
	Brother Barnabas Talks it Out
	The Smilette Trio
	Peter's Penny
⇒	The Puppet Players
⇒	Aunt Mary's Star Pupil
⇒	On to the Orient!
⇒	The House of Abiding Peace

30 for 25 cents; 10 doz. for \$1

Name .....

Address .....

Send order to: The Maryknoll Mission Education Bureau, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

# Seek and Ye Shall Find

Father John J. Sullivan, of Scranton, Pennsylvania, tells the story of a Manchu boy whom he baptized.



*"I have studied the doctrine," said Li; "in my heart I am a Christian."*

**L**I was not happy. In spite of the fact that he was soon to be graduated from the mission school with high honors, even though the *Shen Foo* had publicly declared that he was one of the best students the school had ever had, he was unhappy. When first he had come to the mission school, he had known nothing about the Holy Religion, but with the passing of the years he had come to know and to love the One, True God and his Church. Imperceptibly but surely, the desire for Baptism grew in his young heart. But that seemed beyond realization. His father did not like the foreign religion. The *Shen Foo* and Li talked the whole matter over, but they could think of no way of obtaining the old man's consent. "Wait and pray," advised the *Shen Foo*.

Li was graduated. He did not forget; he waited and prayed and studied.

Then, one day, his father went to another city to engage in business. A few months later, he sent word that Li was to join him.

Before he left, he came to the mission for a final visit. From the window of his room, the *Shen Foo* saw him playing in the yard and sent for him. They

talked of various things for a while, and then the conversation turned to religion. The priest was astonished to discover how well the young pagan knew the doctrine.

"I have studied the doctrine very earnestly, *Shen Foo*. Although I cannot receive Baptism, in my heart I am a Christian; and so I thought it was my duty to learn all I possibly could about my

religion."

"Would you like to receive Baptism now—before you leave?"

The boy's eyes filled with tears. "Could I, *Shen Foo*? Could I?"

"I can see no reason why you could, not. But still there remains the matter of getting permission. How about your mother?"

"I don't know, *Shen Foo*, but I'll see." And off hurried Li.

He was not long in returning. Although he had little breath left, he managed to gasp out the good news: "*Shen Foo, Shen Foo!* My mother says yes. She says she does not care!"

Then all was bustle and hurry. Old Catechist Wu was summoned to act as godfather. For Li the ceremony was over all too soon. When the others had gone, he remained long in the silent church.

After a time, he stepped out into the noisy yard. For a while, he watched his friends at their play; and then, because he himself was yet a real boy, a few minutes later he was again in the thick of the fun, laughing a gayer laugh in his new-found joy.



*Li was in the thick of the fun, laughing a gayer laugh.*

## KWANGTUNG BUS

*Father James Smith, of East Norwalk, Connecticut, notes that progress has its advantages, but in Yeungkong it can present many serious disadvantages.*

**A**LL work and no play can make Charlie Chin a dull boy, too. Often we are at a loss to provide a little innocent diversion for the fifty boys who are here studying doctrine. Usually, they disport themselves by listening to the victrola and in looking at the pictures in the *National Geographic*. No matter that the records have been heard hundreds of times—sufficient unto the happiness of the audience that the black discs still retain enough strength to revolve at the point of a needle. But the *Geographics*! We doubt if even the publishers would recognize the lace-paper patterns into which they have been transformed by those cut-ups, Wear and Tear.

Of course there is no quarrel anent the innocence of this double-feature amusement, yet it must be admitted that every real boy welcomes a slightly heavier strain upon his emotions now and then. Hence, our warm vote of thanks to the town bus driver who, all unsolicited, relieved the monotony of one evening by staging a melodrama.

With the rising curtain, the villain appeared at the wheel of a young motor typhoon. Picking up speed as they passed our house, the pair careened down the hill at much too fast a rate for the bus or the driver to appreciate the scenery. Feeling the slight, a sensitive three-story building moved (it must have moved, else how did it get there?) directly into the space occupied only a second before by the lawful road. Apparently mistaking the open front door of the dwelling for the entrance to a four-lane parkway with a big WELCOME sign, *Barney Oldsfield* and accomplice crashed through. My, my! They shouldn't have done that, but since they did, why didn't they go the whole way and avoid the shower of bricks? Three minutes longer under this invigorating downpour, and more than their feelings would have been crushed.

From the descending wings, rushed the chorus composed of former residents of the disintegrated dwelling. It was hard to distinguish them from the loosened stone and mortar from which they tried to extricate themselves, while *Barney* tripped the light fantastic in a northerly direction. Though actually out of sight before the chase began, he was not so

fast under his own power, we are sorry to relate; before very long, the fleetest members of the posse were within wringing distance of his ardently desired neck.

(While the scene is changing, may we announce that you have possibly seen the following act produced elsewhere. If so, feel perfectly free to close your eyes, or to prolong the intermission in the lobby, or where you are?) Our pursued friend, realizing that his neck was in the loop and that worldly possessions are of no use to a dead man but often of great al-

Now it took the leaders of the pack just one thousandth of a second to come to the conclusion that they could always find something to chase—if only a rainbow—but silver sprouting from the ground is ignored only by the feeble-minded. The ruse was effective and disposed of the top-flight haste artists, but there were still many others in the running who must be considered. In the meantime, *Barney's* strength, as well as his fleetness, was on the wane.

We should like to be able to record



*The town bus driver, one evening, relieved our monotony by staging a melodrama.*

lure to the living, scattered a handful of silver coins on the ground.

IN YOUR WILL  
FIND A PLACE  
FOR MARYKNOLL

*Legal Title:-*

Catholic Foreign  
Mission Society  
of America, Inc.

for posterity that such a resourceful young man finally escaped, but that was not the case. The scintillating silver served its good purpose twice, and even thrice, but the fourth time *Barney's* hand delved into the pocket bank it found the account overdrawn. What could he do but face his onrushing captors and fall into their open arms? Fortunately, they shared his state of exhaustion and were thereby prevented from carrying out their homicidal designs. At this moment, the gendarmery came hurrying from several nearby tea shops and carried off the victim.

*He now leans over a hard prison bar, Regretting the day when he was a star.*

# Reminiscences that Span Ten Thousand Miles

*Father Robert Sheridan, now Maryknoll's vocational director in Detroit, tells us of a young couple who are protégés of Maryknoll student work in Manila.*

**I**N this city of Jaro, we have young Catholic married couples who are as informed and practical in their Catholicity as one would find in the best American parishes," writes the Most Rev. James P. McCloskey, once a pastor in Philadelphia and for more than twenty years bishop in the Philippines.

Maryknollers who have worked among Filipino students in Manila are acquainted with many young people, some married and others preparing for matrimony, who would be a credit to any country. Father Sheridan, now Director of the Maryknoll house in Detroit, writes:

"My work in the Philippine Islands often brought me into the provinces, far away from modern Manila.

"Tonight, in Detroit, I think of a young couple in Ormoc, Leyte. Gregorio and Josefa are protégés of Maryknoll student work in Manila. Gregorio was one of our best products at St. Rita's

Hall, where we catered to about two hundred young men in attendance at the various universities and colleges in Manila. Josefa had been a dental-college student and a resident of St. Mary's Hall, where the Maryknoll Sisters make a home for about one hundred young ladies.

"I knew Gregorio quite well. He worked his way through school and was cordially cooperative when we were planning Catholic Action for the students. The boys called Gregorio *guapo*, which is a simple admission that he was handsome. His Spanish was fluent; English he used freely and correctly; he modestly con-



*Jimmy, their first-born, now seven, has received his first Communion.*

ceded that he spoke his native dialect and another which was prevalent in the Manila district, and that he understood one or two other dialects.

"Student days passed quickly. The medical and dental examinations were hurdled, so that our medico and dentist might begin their careers in their own little home. Jimmy, their first-born, now seven, has received his first Communion.

"Gregorio wrote to me recently; he included some pictures of his wife and youngsters. He observed in his letter: 'Josefa and I often speak of the Maryknoll Sisters and Fathers and how good they were to us.' Ormoc, Leyte, Philippine Islands, where this couple lives, is almost 10,000 miles from our vocational center here in Detroit, but it is no secret that one of us who had the privilege of working with such splendid Catholic youths often thanks God for the happy years spent in the Islands of Faith with such types as Gregorio and Josefa."



*Doctor Gregorio, M.D., and his wife, Doctor Josefa, D.D.S.*



# Through — To the Orient!

Want to visit the Eastern Bazaars,  
Junks for boats and rickshas for cars?  
Want to sail the jade China Sea,  
Land ashore for chopsticks and tea?  
Want to travel to quaint Japan,  
Land of the parasol and fan?  
Like to go to Pacific Isles,  
Across the world for thousands of miles?  
Ever heard of Korean *Kim-chee*?  
That's just one other mystery!  
Ever read the Arabian Nights?  
Ever seen one of these marvelous sights?  
Book your passage for Mission Lands—  
Now's the time to make your plans!  
Sailing far with our Junior crew,  
Passengers, ship hands, old and new.  
Maryknoll Junior Club, ahoy!  
Here's one more girl and one more boy!  
Sign your name and your age below,

THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR log's ready to go  
to

Name ..... Age ....

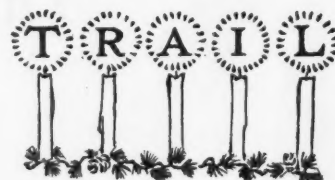
Address .....

Booking for an all-round, all-year passage as an  
active member of the praying, working, reading  
crew aboard the *S.S. (Snappy Sailors) Mary-*  
*knoll Junior Club*. Kindly return this to our  
Captain—Father Chin, Maryknoll, N. Y.

MARYKNOLL JUNIOR CLUB



# Send Your Christmas Mail Over



## Before December First

### Kongmoon—

THE MISSION: Vicariate of Kongmoon, Kwangtung Province, South China. Area, 40,000 square miles, the size of Ohio. Population, 6,000,000.

#### THE MISSIONERS:

Most Rev. A. J. Paschang, D.D., *Vicar Apostolic*, of Martinsburg, Mo.; Frs. Kennelly, J. Sweeney, and James Smith, of Conn.; Fr. Churchill, of Iowa; Fr. Farnen, of Md.; Frs. Cairns, Chatigny, F. Connors, J. Fitzgerald, Lavin, Lima, Paulhus, and J. Toomey, of Mass.; Frs. Mueth and Rauschenbach, of Mo.; Frs. Burke, Feeney, John T. Joyce, North, and J. Smith, of N. Y.; Fr. Constantine Burns and Bro. Lawrence, of Ohio; Frs. Jos. McGinn, O'Melia, Rechsteiner, and Bro. Michael, of Pa.; Frs. John McGinn and O'Neill, of R. I.; Fr. Weber, of Wis.; Bro. Anselm, of England, Fr. Bauer, of Germany; Fr. Heemskerk, of Holland; Fr. Tierney, of Ireland; Bro. Albert, of Switzerland.

#### Central address:

Catholic Mission, Kongmoon,  
Kwangtung Province, China

### Wuchow—

THE MISSION: Prefecture of Wuchow, Kwangsi Province, South China. Area, 15,000 square miles, the size of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Delaware. Population, 3,000,000.

#### THE MISSIONERS:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. B. F. Meyer, *Prefect Apostolic*, of Davenport, Iowa; Frs. V. Walsh and Wieland, of Iowa; Fr. Fedders, of Ky.; Bro. Francis, of Md.; Frs. Cunneen, Langley, Lynch, and Mulcahy, of Mass.; Fr. Mulligan, of N. J.; Frs. T. Daley, Dempsey, Gilligan, Kupfer, McLoughlin, and Schulz, of N. Y.; Frs. Mihelko and Sprinkle, of Ohio; Frs. P. Donnelly and Gilloegly, of Pa.; and Fr. Tennien, of Vt.

#### Central address:

Catholic Mission, Wuchow,  
Kwangsi Province, China

### Kaying—

THE MISSION: Vicariate of Kaying, Kwangtung Province, South China. Area, 15,000 square miles, three times the size of Connecticut. Population, 2,600,000.

#### THE MISSIONERS:

Most Rev. Francis X. Ford, D.D., *Vicar Apostolic*, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Frs. Quinn and

Rhodes, of Calif.; Fr. C. Murphy, of Conn.; Fr. O'Brien, of Ill.; Frs. A. Briggs, Bush, Callan, Donaghy, Gallagher, Reardon, and Welch, of Mass.; Frs. Dennis, Hanrahan, Hilbert, Madigan, P. Malone, T. Malone, Slattery, Van den Bogaard, and Youker, of N. Y.; Frs. F. Donnelly, T. Donovan, Downs, Driscoll, M. Duffy, J. McCormick, and J. O'Donnell, of Pa.; Frs. J. F. Donovan and O'Day, of R. I.; Fr. Eckstein, of Wis.; Fr. M. Murphy, of Canada.

#### Central address:

Catholic Mission,  
Kaying, via Swatow, China

### Kweilin—

THE MISSION: Prefecture of Kweilin, Kwangsi province, South China. Area, 15,000 square miles, the size of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Delaware. Population, 2,500,000.

#### THE MISSIONERS:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. John Romaniello, *Prefect Apostolic*, of New Rochelle, N. Y.; Fr. P. Toomey, of Conn.; Fr. Glass, of Iowa; Fr. Greene, of Ind.; Frs. Keelan, Lacroix, Regan, and E. Toomey, of Mass.; Fr. T. Bauer, of N. Y.; Frs. Daubert and Wolotkiewicz, of Pa.; Fr. Kelliher, of Wash.

#### Central address:

Catholic Mission, Kweilin,  
Kwangsi Province, China

### Kyoto—

THE MISSION: Prefecture of Kyoto, Japan, including the city of Kyoto and territory about Lake Biwa. Population, 2,000,000.

#### THE MISSIONERS:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. P. J. Byrne, *Prefect Apostolic*, of Washington, D. C.; Fr. Witte, of

Ind.; Fr. Merfeld, of Iowa; Bro. Clement, of Kan.; Frs. Barry, E. Briggs, Mackesy, Mailhot, and Morris, of Mass.; Frs. McKillop, W. Murphy, and Whitlow, of N. Y.; Fr. Boesflug, of N. D.; Bro. Thaddeus, of Ohio; Fr. Fel-secker, of Wis.

#### Central address:

Maryknoll Fathers,  
St. Francis Xavier's Church,  
Kawara Machi, 3 jo agaru, Kyoto, Japan

### Fushun—

THE MISSION: Prefecture of Fushun, Manchukuo. Area, 37,000 square miles, the size of Kentucky. Population, 2,500,000.

#### THE MISSIONERS:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. R. A. Lane, *Prefect Apostolic*, of Lawrence, Mass.; Frs. McGurkin and J. J. Walsh, of Conn.; Fr. Kaschmitter, of Idaho (loaned to Apos. Del., Peiping); Fr. Geselbracht, of Ill.; Fr. Hewitt, of Md.; Frs. Comber, Fisher, Gilbert, Henry, A. Murphy, and E. Ryan, of Mass.; Fr. Coffey, of Mich.; Fr. Hohlfeld, of Neb.; Frs. Pheur and Quirk, of N. H.; Frs. Escalante, Flick, Haggerty, E. Manning, J. O'Donnell, Ziemba, and Bros. Benedict and Peter, of N. Y.; Frs. Clarence Burns and Rottner, of Ohio; Frs. Mullen and J. Sullivan, of Pa.; Fr. Weis, of Wis.; Fr. Jacques, of Canada; Fr. J. McCormack, of Ireland.

#### Central address:

Catholic Mission,  
Fushun, Manchukuo

### Peng Yang—

THE MISSION: Prefecture of Peng Yang, Korea. Area, 20,000 square miles, half the size of Indiana. Population, 2,800,000.

#### THE MISSIONERS:

Rev. W. R. Booth, *Administrator*, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Fr. L. Sweeney, of Conn.; Fr. Markham, of Ill.; Fr. Pospichal, of Iowa; Frs. Chisholm, Connors, J. Joseph Daly, Hunt, Pelouquin, Plunkett, M. Walsh, and Bros. Raymond and William, of Mass.; Frs. Barron and Petipren, of Mich.; Fr. Craig, of Minn.; Fr. Carey and Bro. Joseph, of N. J.; Frs. Borer, Carroll, Cleary, Copen, Dunne, Gibbons, S. Hannon, Harding, Nolan, Pardy, J. Ray, and White, of N. Y.; Frs. Cappel and Kramar, of Ohio; Fr. Allie, of Wis.; Fr. Duffy, of Ireland.

#### Central address:

Catholic Mission, P.O. Box 23,  
Peng Yang, Korea

*The center for the South China missions is Maryknoll House, Stanley, Hong Kong, though each field has its central address as given on this page.*

*The Maryknoll Fathers have also a parish in Honolulu, special student work in the Philippines, and two parishes among the Japanese on our Pacific Coast.*



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